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The Week.

THE Manhattan Club of this city have elected Mr. Johnson an honorary member, and asked him to let himself be painted for them by "one of our first artists," the reason being that they want to adorn their walls with the "form and lineaments of the statesman and patriot, etc." Mr. Johnson has accepted the compliment, and expressed his willingness to sit "for one of our first artists," as soon as that gentleman can be got ready. We believe the public has no right to object to this little interchange of civilities between a club and any public man. But we have a right to mention that the name of every signer of the address, except those of Mr. John Van Buren and Mr. James T. Brady, is that of a man notorious during the whole period of the war as what was then called a "malignant Copperhead." One or two of them are strongly suspected of having been of the party who called on Lord Lyons to solicit the aid of Great Britain in breaking up the Union, and three of them are the reputed owners, and one the well-known editor, of the "organ" which a year ago pronounced Mr. Johnson "an insolent and drunken brute, an insolent and clownish drunkard," with much other stuff of the same sort. The sudden admiration of these "individuals," as the reporters call them, for Mr. Johnson's "form and lineaments" may be fairly set down amongst the "odd instances of strange coincidence."

WE allude in another place to the change of views experienced by the President and his mouthpiece, the Secretary of State, since the latter telegraphed Govs. Sharkey and Marvin that the restoration of the civil authority in the South depended upon the pleasure of Congress. A similar change has been brought to light among the other official documents on reconstruction submitted to Congress. In North Carolina Mr. Seward decided that the members elect of the convention could not take their seats before obtaining pardon. In South Carolina a score of leading members sat through the entire session without being pardoned, and yet their application, though postponed to the day before adjournment, received the distinguished, favorable, and prompt consideration of Mr. Johnson.

THE Executive clemency was again remarkably exercised last week in the pardon of one Thomas Martin, "a notorious blockade-runner."

This involves, we are told, the restoration of cotton exceeding two hundred thousand dollars in value, which had been attached by the Treasury Department under the confiscation act. We do not hear of any further pardoning of counterfeiters of the national currency, but the House bill of the 21st inst., for the more effectual punishment of these knaves, must be judged a superfluous bit of legislation so long as the President's weakness for criminals under sentence continues.

THE Republicans of Rhode Island met last week and nominated General Burnside for governor, with no resolutions. It was left for the opposition to show irresolution, which they did by endorsing the policy of the President and then avoiding a nomination. The presumption of success, so far as we remember, has always been in favor of a candidate without a platform as against a platform without a candidate; and as defeat was inevitable on these terms, it seems a pity that it should have been associated in advance with the so-called head of the nation.

A LOAN bill which had grown with various amendments out of that desired by the Secretary of the Treasury has passed the House. The new school of political economists, who believe that the issue of promises-to-pay is a real addition to the wealth of the country, made some singular speeches, which will figure in the notes to some future history of rationalism as "specimens of by-gone delusions." The question remains to be dealt with by the Senate. One thing is certain with regard to our financial policy, and that is, that there is not an enemy of the United States the world over who will hear of our rapid return to specie payments without chagrin hardly less acute than that with which he received the news of Lee's surrender.

THE House, on Wednesday week, by a vote of 79 to 46, passed a bill to facilitate intercourse between all parts of the Union by putting an end to railroad monopolies. It is substantially the same measure as that passed December 19th by the same body, but which was afterwards recalled for revision. It then received 93 against 51 votes. What we took occasion to say at that time in its favor we need not now repeat. More fortunate than certain political ventures, it can count upon becoming law as soon as the Senate shall have added its approval, which we should like to be as swift as it is certain.

THE New York *Times* publishes a more complete account of the fiendish massacres and tortures to which those suspected of fidelity to their country were subjected in Texas during the war than has hitherto appeared. The statements are too shocking to be readily believed, but we have seen refugees who report atrocities committed under their own observation which are not referred to by the correspondent of the *Times*, and which are, if possible, more disgusting. Not only were hundreds of worthy men and innocent women and children murdered in cold blood without form of trial or shadow of provocation, but the manner of their butchery was in many cases as disgraceful to human nature as the worst deeds of the Spaniards in the Netherlands or the Sepoys in the Indian rebellion. The guilty men are now not only living in peace as good citizens of the United States, with the benefit of the Executive clemency, but some of them are taking active part in the work of reconstruction, and in cheering the President by assurances of their sympathy with his indignation at the Yankee radicals and traitors.

THE name of no man attaining equal rank came less before the public during the war than that of Major-General Seth Williams, but

the memory of none who have yet to die will be held more sacred by soldiers than his. Painfully diffident of his own merits, shrinking from note, modest as a girl, in all duty he was great, comprehensive, resolute, and untiring. There is a poetic consistency in the circumstances of his death, and it is none the less to be recorded because so few are aware of it, and because he himself was unconscious of it, that he gave his life for liberty and his country.

WE commented last week upon the singularly low estimate placed by the Orthodox Congregationalists of Connecticut upon the value of the services of their ministers. The new Board of Health of this city, in fixing the compensation to be allowed its medical inspectors, proclaims its judgment to be either that the office will have a value to its occupants on account of the opportunities it offers for making money in covert ways, or that a man who has spent the best years of his life in striving to qualify himself by a suitable course of study to be a medical practitioner, and who has established a character for himself which justifies him in assuming public responsibilities of the most difficult and trying character, is worth no more than a lively printer or a clever drayman. The Board includes some of the most distinguished physicians in America, who might have been expected to remember that there is no form of quackery more mischievous than the demagogism which refuses to pay the market wages for services in public offices requiring superior talent and more than usually resolute manliness and integrity. A mistake of the Legislature in this respect is not an example which the Board of Health is called upon to follow.

AN "ex-member of the defunct Confederate congress," as the *World* styles Mr. H. S. Foote, is writing letters to that paper in support of Mr. Stewart's policy of universal suffrage and universal amnesty. Mr. Foote was reputed the father, or at least the father-in-law, of that policy, but he disclaims any interest in it except as a Southern man desiring earnestly a reconciliation of the two sections, and believing that Mr. Stewart has hit upon the only way. The *World* is amusingly careful to avoid adopting his views, and smells coercion under the purely voluntary terms of re-admission to the Union. The sight is not un instructive. The prudent counsel which arises out of the very bosom of the South is opposed by Northern sycophants, who are for ever flattering her false pride and encouraging her blind hostility to her would-be benefactors and saviours.

ONE cannot sufficiently admire the delicacy of Postmaster Cleveland, of Hartford, in offering to resign his office because, in so far as he owed it to the Union party of the State, he had evidently violated the condition on which it was given him. But when he submits his case to the President, as if the course he has taken might possibly displease that functionary, we fear he is guilty of political trickery. Whether the *quasi* endorsement which he obtained will turn the scales in the approaching Connecticut election, we are not concerned to predict; but we feel sure that the whole procedure will lead to serious reflection on the present system of Government patronage, which it will be the highest effort of patriotism to overthrow. Nothing is more needed than this to resist the corruption of parties, as nothing will tend so strongly to change the test of office from political orthodoxy to simple honesty and ability. In that day of better things a postmaster's share in caucuses and ward meetings, and his vote at the polls, will excite no greater attention than those of any other citizen.

THE cholera is likely to be to us what M. Hausmann is to Paris. In view of its approach, those quarters of our great cities which have been heedlessly tolerated till now, will be erased from the map, pierced with new streets, graced with new and ornamental structures, and laid out, it may be, with squares and fountains. Our Health Commissioners have turned their grim gaze upon the Washington Market; and the filthy shambles, which are worthy a new Hercules able to turn the North River through them, we hope will never recover from the attention which will be paid to them. Boston has just bestirred itself to abate a dangerous nuisance caused by the different levels at which some por-

tions of it are built. The remedy involves the filling up a considerable valley, and giving an entirely new character to the lifted area. A public-spirited citizen, we observe, is about to erect a monument in one of the city parks to commemorate the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether. Shall we overlook the sanitary properties of the cholera, or do not they also merit a memorial?

BRIDGING our great rivers is a very gratifying token of national recuperation. The Ohio will presently follow suit to the Hudson, and the Mississippi to the Ohio. A bridge to connect St. Louis with the opposite shore was authorized by the Senate last week, and is really a part of the conception of the Pacific Railroad. It cannot be built too soon.

THE Texas Convention has got so far along as to declare the secession ordinance of Feb. 1, 1861, null and void, and to renounce distinctly the right heretofore claimed by the State to secede from the Union. Forty-three members voted yea, and thirty-seven nay, on the question; and one of the majority moved to reconsider, but in vain.

THERE ought, we think, to be little surprise that leading journals abroad which were unmistakably friendly in our late struggle with revolt should be deceived by the plausible reasoning of the veto message, and conclude that the loyal people of the North are suddenly all wrong, as they were before all right. The fictitious spectacle of a renunciation of power, the assumed reverence for law, and superior devotion to the Union, the specious magnanimity towards a prostrate adversary, were calculated at first blush to captivate the supporters of constitutional freedom everywhere, and to elicit from them expressions in temporary accord with those who, while secretly or even openly hating our republican institutions, were always loudly complaining of our despotic departure from them. But the delusion will scarcely last longer than the first blush; the speech of the 23d of February has partly removed it, and it cannot survive a correct understanding of the real state of public opinion here.

WE find in a foreign paper some statistics which may be profitably studied with those presented by us in a late number of *THE NATION*, when comparing the literary fecundity of England and America. In Germany there were published, in 1865, 1,411 works of theology, 83 of philosophy, 935 of belle-lettres, 770 of jurisprudence, 696 of education, 651 of history, 517 of natural sciences, 491 of medicine, 402 of ancient classics, 385 of fine arts, 359 of commercial science. Of writings for youth, for the people, of geography, of agriculture, two hundred in each department; of compilations in mathematics, military art, and technical science, one hundred each. These figures do not include the insignificant publications.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has ratified the treaty of commerce with the Zollverein, and, by way of emphasizing that provision of it which makes its acceptance equivalent to a recognition of the new kingdom, has voted to send Italy's compliments to Germany with her best wishes for the future relations of the two countries.

THE international conference at Constantinople has adjourned after recommending the Porte to prohibit all communication between Egypt and the Arabian ports, if the cholera manifests itself anew at Jidda. We had been led to look for greater results than this, especially since the diplomatic character of the conference was at last recognized by the Turkish Government.

THE response of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the address of the Hungarian Diet has chilled the enthusiasm of that body, if it has not dissipated their hopes. Whereas they demanded a responsible ministry and municipal autonomy, as preliminary to a common understanding with Austria, the monarch insists that this understanding must precede every concession on his part, and that the kingdom must be subordinate to the empire. He will not restore the legislation of 1848 unmodified, at least in respect to its establishing a separate Hungarian ministry. But, as the Diet signified their readiness to revise that legis-

lation only through the initiative of such a ministry, it is evident affairs have come to a dead-lock between Pesth and Vienna. Meanwhile Berlin and Vienna want little of coming to sword's points over the Duchies.

BEFORE Mazzini can take his place in the parliament of his native land, it is a question whether his election is legal, seeing that he is an exile; and then, whether he will take the oath of allegiance. The Government is said to be resolved to contest his admission on the ground first mentioned, though if France had not to be consulted a different policy would seem more prudent. It is safe to predict, however, that Mazzini will not compromise his republican principles for the sake of forcing the issue.

It appears, from measurements made in 1863-4 for enlistments in the Italian army, that of a hundred young men there will be twenty under 1.56 metres, sixty-eight between 1.56 and 1.70 metres, and the remaining twelve will exceed the height last indicated. The average Italian stature is reckoned at 1.626 metres, against 1.653 for the French and 1.644 for the Belgians—or 5 ft. 4, 5, and 4½ in. respectively. The giants of the peninsula are found in Lucca. Leghorn, Ferrara, and Arezzo stand next upon the list.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1866.

CONGRESS is at length making much progress with the solid business of the session. More than half the appropriation bills are already through the House, and yesterday witnessed the final passage of the loan bill, which now goes to the Senate for concurrence, which it will probably receive. The measure was emasculated, by way of compromise, in order to ensure its passage, by limiting the Secretary of the Treasury as to the amount of legal tender currency to be retired or funded in each month. There is now opportunity for the Committee of Ways and Means to bring forward the revised tariff and internal revenue laws, which, it is understood, are only very partially matured as yet.

Although the loan bill passed by the unexpectedly large majority of thirty votes, it was apparent that this was only in consequence of its being amended so as to put far off the evil day of a thorough contraction of the currency. About half the members of the House still adhere to the heresy, much strengthened by the recent steady fall in gold, that we are now going fast enough on the road toward a resumption of specie payments, and that the present volume of currency is little or no greater than the legitimate wants of the country require. This theory, fully and logically acted upon, would go far to ruin the whole country. Nothing could be more disastrous than to build our legislation upon it. Yet Mr. Thaddeus Stevens is so infatuated by it as to declare against any policy of contraction on the ground that it will produce widespread distress and complaint and jeopard the political ascendancy of the Republican party.

An interesting discussion arose in the House on Thursday upon a matter apparently trivial on its face, namely, the engraving of portraits of living persons upon United States fractional currency. Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, instanced the fact that Gen. Washington, when the first silver dollar of the United States was struck with his own profile imaged upon it, ordered the die to be destroyed. But now we see upon our current paper money not only the heads of the illustrious men of our country long since gathered to their fathers, but of living secretaries of the Treasury, and even of such subordinate officers as the superintendent of the Currency Printing Bureau, Mr. S. M. Clark. Mr. Thayer illustrated the absurdity and bad taste of this practice by the following

NEW TABLE OF FEDERAL CURRENCY.

2 Clarks make	1 Washington.
2 Washingtons and 1 Clark make	1 Fessenden.
2 Fessendens make	1 Spinner.
2 Spinners make	1 Chase.
2 Chases make	1 Hamilton.
5 Chases make	1 Madison.

When it is recollected that the new five cent issue of fractional currency has the portrait of Superintendent Clark engraved on it, while

the ten cent retains that of Washington, the twenty-five cents that of W. P. Fessenden, the fifty cents that of Treasurer Spinner, the one dollar "greenbacks" that of S. P. Chase, while the two and five dollar notes bear the likenesses of Hamilton and Madison, respectively, the propriety of amending our common school arithmetics as above will be appreciated.

The House has passed the customary "buncombe" resolution for adjourning the session of Congress on some indefinite Thursday in May. The new members mostly voted for it, while the old political stagers refused to sanction a resolution which long experience shows cannot be carried into effect earlier than July or even August.

I have to communicate the remarkable fact that "reconstruction" has absolutely slept the entire week, in all its phases, save for the speeches made in the House to-day for home consumption. It is predicted, however, that this is but the calm that precedes the storm, for Monday is the last day, under the provisions of the Constitution, which the President has in which to decide the fate of the Civil Rights bill. A veto is universally anticipated, and such a result would make the wide breach between the views of the President and those of Congress still wider.

DIARY.

Monday, March 19, 1866.—Mr. Sumner presented petitions from citizens of Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, Alabama, etc., for an international copyright. Several petitions against hasty reconstruction were referred. Also, several petitions for increased duties on imports. Mr. Wilson offered a bill to equalize soldiers' bounties. Referred. The bill to provide for an annual inspection into Indian Affairs was passed—yeas, 19; nays, 16. The joint resolution protesting against pardons for foreign governments of criminals on condition of emigrating to the U. S. was passed.

In the House, Mr. Baker offered a constitutional amendment disqualifying all persons engaged in rebellion from ever holding office under the U. S. Government. Mr. Cullom offered a constitutional amendment to the same effect. Mr. Hooper offered a substitute for the loan bill of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Kelley offered a bill providing for the issue of legal tender notes, bearing no interest, to liquidate fully the compound-interest notes now in circulation, and prohibiting the reduction of legal tender below \$900,000,000. Referred. Mr. Ancona offered a concurrent resolution that Congress adjourn on the day of May next. Passed—yeas, 80; nays, 63. Mr. Rogers offered resolutions against the assumption by Congress of the rebel debt or repudiation of the Federal debt. The House refused to admit them—yeas, 48; nays, 50. The loan bill of the Ways and Means Committee came up, on a motion to reconsider the vote by which it was defeated March 16. The motion to reconsider prevailed—yeas, 81; nays, 67. After speeches by Messrs. Broomall, Boutwell, Conkling, and Garfield the bill was recommitted. The civil appropriation bill for the ensuing fiscal year was considered and amended.

March 20.—In the Senate, the Military Academy appropriation bill was reported from the Finance Committee. A resolution was offered appropriating \$25,000 for the relief of the destitute colored population of the District of Columbia. Passed—yeas, 33; nays, 5—after striking out the word "colored." The naval appropriation bill was amended and passed. The bill granting to the International Ocean Telegraph Co. the sole right, for fourteen years, to establish telegraphic communication with the West Indies was taken up. Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Sherman moved to strike out the word "sole." Lost—yeas, 14; nays, 16. The bill was laid over.

In the House, the civil appropriation bill for the ensuing year was passed, after striking out a provision to increase the salaries of the officers of the United States Mint at Philadelphia. The bill to relieve United States army officers from prosecution for acts done by them under military authority was opposed by Messrs. Rogers and Ross, and defended by Messrs. Cook, McKee and Smith, the two last of Kentucky. It was then passed—yeas, 112; nays, 31. Mr. Conkling, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill providing that no exemption of United States notes from taxation shall extend to money on hand. It was advocated by Messrs. Conkling, Garfield, and Spalding, and opposed by Mr. Stevens, after which it was recommitted. The Post-office appropriation bill for the fiscal year ensuing was amended and passed. The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill for the same period was considered and amended.

March 21.—In the Senate, several petitions were presented, asking Congress to guarantee republican governments in the States. A bill granting lands to aid in constructing the Northern Kansas Railroad was passed. A bill to punish counterfeiting or altering the securities of the United States was passed. The bill conferring on the International Ocean Telegraph Co. the sole privilege for 14 years of establishing and operating telegraph lines between Florida and the West Indies was passed. The bill placing U. S. vessels at the disposal of officers of quarantine was passed. The bill to carry into effect the treaty of Washington of 9th of August, 1842, by paying Maine and Massachusetts \$1 25 per acre for the public lands of those States in possession of settlers under said treaty, was passed. The bill to incorporate the National Mutual Protection Homestead Co. with \$3,000,000 capital, for the settlement of certain States, was discussed and laid over.

In the House, the bill authorizing all railroads to carry freight and passengers between the States on equal terms, and receive compensation, provided no railroad be released from the condition of performing such services for the Government free, was passed—yeas, 69; nays, 46. The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was passed. The bill to reimburse Pennsylvania for war expenses during the invasion of 1863 was debated and laid over.

March 22.—In the Senate, the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis was passed. Also a bill to consolidate two district

courts of the United States in Louisiana and California into one judicial district. The case of the validity of the election of John P. Stockton as a senator from New Jersey was taken up, discussed, and laid over.

In the House, a message was received from the President transmitting information respecting the condition of Mexico. The deficiency appropriation bill, with the Senate amendments thereto, was considered, most of the amendments now concurred in, and a committee of conference appointed.

March 23.—In the Senate, bills were offered, to grant land to Arkansas and Missouri for a railway through those States to the Texas boundary; to aid in the construction of a southern branch of the Union Pacific Railway; to donate public lands to the American Forest Tree Propagation and Land Co.; and further to prevent smuggling; all of which were referred. The Senate resumed the consideration of the right of John P. Stockton to a seat as senator from New Jersey, he having been elected by a minority of the Legislature of that State, in joint session, and a protest against the validity of his election being presented to the Senate by the majority of the present Legislature. The Committee on the Judiciary reported in favor of Mr. Stockton's right to the seat. After long debate, in which the report was opposed by Messrs. Clark, Fessenden, Howe, Yates, and Sumner, and advocated by Messrs. Hendricks, Cowan, McDougall, Trumbull, and Stockton, the vote was taken on the resolution of the Judiciary Committee, that Mr. Stockton is entitled to his seat, and carried—yeas, 22; nays, 21. Adjourned to March 26.

In the House, the bill to reimburse to the State of Pennsylvania about \$700,000, expended for the United States for war purposes in 1863, was passed—yeas, 85; nays, 33. The loan bill was reported back from the Ways and Means Committee with amendments providing that the Secretary of the Treasury shall not retire more than \$10,000,000 of legal tender currency in the first six months after the passage of the act, and not more than \$4,000,000 each month thereafter. Mr. Hooper offered a substitute, authorizing the Secretary to retire and cancel Treasury notes and interest-bearing notes, and to issue bonds for the same at par, without, however, increasing the public debt; lost—yeas, 60; nays, 74. The bill of the Ways and Means Committee was then passed—yeas, 83; nays, 53.

March 24.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, speeches on the state of the Union were made by Messrs. Lynch, Myers, Buckland, and Hart. Adjourned to March 26.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE draft upon the labor of the District continues. Fifty freedmen were lately sent to Helena, Arkansas, at the request of the assistant commissioner for that State. Numerous applications are made by Northerners who have gone to settle in the South.

The laborers on the Government farms in Maryland, now that these establishments are to be given up, are seeking transportation to Virginia, being driven to this removal by the outrages which still disgrace the State where they are at present.

The American Missionary Association have now eleven colored schools in the Shenandoah Valley, with 1,800 pupils. In Lexington the collegians and populace together made strenuous opposition to establishing one there. In Richmond there are 1,100 blacks attending school.

The assistant commissioner for North Carolina reports a gradual melioration of the condition of the freedmen in that State. Violent outrages are rare, but petty annoyances are numerous, such as stealing or killing their live stock, tearing down their fences, etc. It is difficult to catch the perpetrators, or, if caught, to bring them to justice.

Edgefield district, South Carolina, is one of the largest and most rebellious in the State, and is controlled by two organized gangs of outlaws led by an ex-Confederate major. They have been waging a sort of guerilla warfare upon the peaceful inhabitants, Union and colored, murdering some, despoiling and expelling others. All efforts made by the infantry to surprise these well-mounted desperadoes have proved futile. An efficient cavalry force is needed to hunt them down. The planters of the State are just discovering that there are not enough negroes by half to cultivate the land, and that their labor only is available in the rice-fields. This is a strong security for better treatment. The circular of the Bureau concerning "marriage rules" has been received with satisfaction by the freed people.

There were counted in Georgia, on the 1st of March, 65 freedmen's schools, 98 teachers, 6,767 pupils—an increase over January of 3 schools, 9 teachers, and 198 pupils, notwithstanding the small-pox so interfered with the schools in Macon as to decrease the attendance from 1,223 in January to 818 in February. The last quarter (ending March 1st) has witnessed an increase of 13 schools, 36 teachers, and 2,875 pupils. Last month the freedmen in five localities contributed \$341 toward the support of their schools, and during the quarter seven localities contributed \$4,662. All this in addition to charitable donations to their suffering poor.

—A law has been passed by the Virginia Legislature "admitting the evidence of negroes in all criminal cases and proceedings at law or in equity in which colored persons are parties, or which arise out of injuries done or attempted or threatened to the person, property, or rights of colored persons, and providing further that all laws in respect to crimes and punishments, and in respect to criminal proceedings, applicable to white persons, shall apply in like manner to colored persons, unless otherwise specially provided." This has been so much approved by the assistant commissioner and Gen. Terry, that all jurisdiction over colored persons in criminal cases has been recommitted to the civil authorities. The agents of the Bureau, however, are instructed to attend in person the trials and preliminary hearing of such cases, not for the purpose of interfering, but to make the necessary suggestions to the party concerned. Any evasion of the law is to be reported at once.

—The assistant commissioner for North Carolina has imitated his associate in Virginia for a like reason. The vagrant act is said to make no distinction on account of color. An act was passed establishing a college for the education of teachers and ministers of the Gospel of the colored race. By another, blacks and whites are required to work on the public roads or be subjected to a fine. Another protects "agricultural laborers" in the share of the crops which belongs to them by contract from sale under execution against their employers or the owners of the land cultivated. The lunatic asylum is reserved exclusively for the whites. The "act concerning negroes, and persons of color, or of mixed blood," makes such persons equal to the whites before the courts in the various processes and suits in law and equity, and qualifies them as witnesses, when not otherwise incompetent, in "all controversies at law and in equity where the rights of person or property of persons of color shall be put in issue, and would be concluded by the judgment or decree of court; and also in pleas of the State, where the violence, fraud, or injury alleged shall be charged to have been done by or to persons of color. In all other civil and criminal cases their evidence shall be deemed inadmissible, unless by the consent of the parties of record; provided, that this section shall not go into effect until jurisdiction in matters relating to freedmen shall be fully committed to the courts of this State; provided further, that no person shall be deemed incompetent to bear testimony in such cases because of being a party to the record or in interest." The criminal laws are extended to all classes, with the same penalty for blacks and whites, except in the case of rape.

—There are in North Carolina 100 schools for the blacks, 132 teachers, and, in the month of January, 10,459 scholars, or 2,000 more than in December. They are located in all the principal towns and are generally regarded with favor. The teachers experience, however, the popular aversion. They and the employees of the Bureau, civil and military, amount to less than two hundred persons—a slender army of regeneration.

—The bill to relieve the destitute people in the District of Columbia passed the Senate on Monday week. It appropriates \$25,000 for that purpose. The vote was 33 to 5.

Minor Topics.

THERE is probably no art which possesses so much interest for the mass of mankind as the art of making a little money go a great way. Even amongst us, where money is, on the whole, got with comparative ease, and, consequently, spent with comparative carelessness, there is no more popular person than the author of any process which promises to enable people to procure all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life with a very small income. But in Europe, where the struggle for life is so much more fierce and bitter than amongst us, the excitement created by anything which looks like a new discovery in the science of living cheaply, is proportionably great. All kinds of books professing to show how to get two shillings' worth for a shilling, how to make a pony do the work of a horse, how to get the milk of a cow out of a goat, how to keep a brougham and give dinners with "a page" as both butler and groom; how to raise vegetables, keep rabbits

and hens, and feed a cow off the quantity of land usually considered only sufficient for the grass of the cow, have, consequently, a tremendous run. Five editions for a work of this kind displaying a fair amount of ingenuity may be fairly calculated on. But then this is not half so interesting, after all, as plans for enabling a large family to present a "genteel" appearance on a small income, or even for enabling a large family to live decently on a small income. A Mrs. Warren, the wife of a hard-worked doctor, has just made a most lucky hit in this way. She first showed "How She Managed Her House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year." This went off like wildfire, and created considerable stir in the newspapers. She has now come out with "Comfort for Small Incomes," and this is making an equally great stir. But the comfort she supplies appears to be very cold comfort after all. Her grand recipe for the evils of poverty seems to be simply not to be disturbed by its inconveniences, and, by way of encouraging people, she shows that she was not. That large class in all countries who desire to bring up large families at a small cost, we are afraid will not find their way made much clearer by hints of this kind. There are, probably, after all, very few poor people, that is, people whose minds have to be constantly occupied with the problem of how to make both ends meet, to the exclusion of most of the nobler subjects of contemplation, who have not by this time become familiar enough with the absolute impossibility of making two children live on the food of one, or of making a coat do duty as a pair of pantaloons, to have little difficulty in feeling tolerably cheerful under the restraints of narrow means. To poor men, the advice to be economical with their coal, to look sharply after their cinders, to live on plain food, to pay for everything in cash, and not to be annoyed when a cheap cook spoils a fondly anticipated dinner, can hardly be said to have an appreciable value. Anybody who writhes under poverty is not likely to be reconciled to his situation by perusing a small volume, or a magazine article, which tells him not to writhe under it. People who are cheerful in spite of their poverty, and for whom bad food, shabby clothes, and an overworked wife, and pinched and repressed children, have no terrors, will not find their cheerfulness increased by hearing the dismal tale of some other cheerful poor man's sufferings. For people who dread poverty and privation, who sigh for splendor, or even "genteel society," and plenty of small change, there is only one way of avoiding discomfort, and that is, to have as few persons dependent on one person's income as possible. No turning or twisting or contriving can materially reduce the amount of food required by a growing boy, or the superficial area per caput which has in all well regulated families to be covered by clothes; and in this fact lies the great and, as we believe, the insurmountable difficulty of making poverty pleasant.

SOME ten years ago public attention was for a time a good deal roused to the character of the lodgings of the poor in this city, and there was some discussion of plans looking to an improvement of their condition. Since then Broadway has been lined with marble, a great pleasure ground has been formed, a good many churches have been built, the rowdy fire department has been abolished, and we have gained a carefully instructed, well disciplined, neat, honest, and humane police. Best of all, crimes have not multiplied as population has increased.

Strange to say, however, the number of those who live here in the vilest condition under which, so far as we know, human life can be sustained, has increased and is increasing. The distinguished traveller to whom our readers are indebted for the reports on the subject which we recently published, says that in no barbarian tribe, is anything to be seen so filthy, shameless, and utterly and hopelessly degraded. The men and women alike seem to be deaf not only to preaching, but to all ordinary motives to exertion. They habitually look for nothing in life or in eternity better than to allay the immediate gripings of hunger and thirst, room to lie at full length for sleep, and protection against the sting of cold. They care not by what means they secure this, and if chance put means of getting anything more in their way it will be used only in the lowest forms of sensuality. Dead to foul smells, they are equally dead to moral distinctions.

It is needless to say that there are degrees of degradation; that the lowest stage which we have described is reached gradually. The important question is—What are the steps, what especially leads to this moral stupor? Why is the degradation greater here in New York, and why do more sink to the lowest depth here than anywhere else?

We can see but one circumstance peculiar to New York which seems likely to have a marked influence, and that is the extraordinary demand which exists here for shelter. Nowhere else in the world is there nearly so large a proportion of the earnings of all classes required to be paid for mere house-room. There are no houses fit for human beings to lodge in that are not snatched up by those of a happier class than the poorest.

We heard to-day of the family of an invalid soldier whose wife maintained six children mainly on her occasional earnings as a laundress. They are far from being in the demoralized condition of the desperately poor class we have described, yet were glad to be allowed sleeping-room in a stifling cellar at a charge of three dollars a month. Let this woman lose the opportunity of earning what she now has, what will she care for when she has secured necessary food and raiment, except the rent? and where will her struggle for a bare cover and sleeping-room carry her at the last? and into what company, and what must the family come to there? The answer is plain enough. Is it more difficult for Christian men to find a remedy for this great evil? Perhaps it is, but there are two matters of experience which, it seems to us, should throw some light upon it.

One is the effect which has been produced by the establishment of sailors' homes. There was much about the sailors' homes as they were originally managed which was anything but attractive to most seamen. Yet when good food, beds, air, and honest treatment were to be had in them at the same price that was asked for hard and filthy beds, poor food, crowded and noisome quarters, and a general system of swindling at the ordinary lodging-houses, the keepers of the latter soon saw they could not retain their customers. The consequence is, in every large port of the world, there are now sailors' boarding-houses, established and managed from purely mercenary motives, which, in most respects, are as clean and comfortable and honestly conducted as the sailors' homes established for philanthropic reasons alone. The other is the experience of London in dealing with the same evil which we have in the Sixth and Fourth Wards, and in lesser degree in some parts of every large town in the country. A few years ago there were places in London almost if not quite as horrible as those described by our correspondent. To-day, in London, with a population more than three times as large as that of New York, and of which population a far larger proportion is desperately poor, there is not a single lodging-house as miserable as hundreds which are crowded in New York. The process of cure began with the establishment of what were called model lodging-houses. They were on a large scale, and involved a considerable outlay of capital. They furnished as good accommodations in all respects as the lowest lodging-houses, but perhaps no better except in respect to the requirements of decency and cleanliness, at the same charge to lodgers as that made at houses in which the poor boy or girl out of work, sick, feeble, or foolish, yet honestly and virtuously disposed, was obliged to rest on the floor side by side with the most degraded strumpets and thieves. The effect soon was that the keepers of these houses found it necessary, in order to retain their customers, to improve their accommodations; soon after many of them were willing to have the aid of the police in acquiring a reputation of keeping houses to which honest working-men and women, however little they were able to pay, could resort without fear of being robbed or outraged; and the final result is as we have already stated.

It is well, perhaps, to add, though it makes little difference as to the duty involved, that the model lodging-houses themselves are more than self-supporting. They now pay a fair interest on the capital originally invested.

The special attention of the reader is directed to the Financial Review on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE POWER OF CONGRESS OVER RECONSTRUCTION.

THE controversy between the President and Congress, as we have repeatedly said, is not upon the question of the suffrage, nor upon the existence or non-existence of the revolted States, nor upon the propriety of confiscation, nor upon any similar points, though these are important. The issues now in dispute, and which must be determined before any others, are simply two—one a question of power and the other a question of discretion. Who has the power to settle the terms upon which civil government shall be restored at the South? And shall those terms be such as will give absolute sway to unrepentant rebels? These are the vital issues of the day, although, when they are determined, others equally important may possibly arise. The first essential of human life is breath, although food and drink are equally indispensable in the long run. So in public affairs there is always some one problem that must be solved to-day, though twenty others may remain as imperatively demanding attention to-morrow.

Our views upon the question of discretion have been sufficiently stated. But while this branch of the subject appeals most strongly to the popular mind, yet to all far-seeing and thoughtful men the question of *power* must seem of overshadowing importance. This has been the view taken by Congress, which, accordingly, before attempting to shape a policy, passed by an overwhelming majority the concurrent resolution asserting its control *as Congress*, and not merely as two independent assemblies acting separately, over the rehabilitation of the South.

The President has assumed that the disorganized condition of the South demanded the interposition of the Federal Government, and justified the latter in imposing the terms upon which local self-government might be resumed, and in prescribing the mode in which it should be restored. The country has, with substantial unanimity, endorsed the President's theory to this extent, and it cannot now be called in question. Certainly we are not inclined to dispute it, but, on the contrary, think it irrefragably sound.

But is this power lodged in the executive or in the legislative branch of the Federal Government? We pause, as we write the question, to think with what amazement some future Hallam or Macaulay will record the fact that this question was gravely argued in our day—with what difficulty the candid historian will endeavor to show that it was really considered doubtful—what labor it will cost him to present an argument in favor of the Executive's claim which shall not excite the mirth or the contempt of his readers. But we must deal with the present, and must argue the question soberly, albeit with something of the feeling with which we sometimes labor to convince an ignorant boor of the simplest proposition of science. "Well persuaded as I am," says a wise and genial philosopher, "that two and two make four, yet if any learned, sober, and godly man should desire to argue with me thereon, I would patiently listen unto him." Learned, sober, and godly men assert the supreme power of the Executive over the whole subject of reconstruction; with them let us reason.

The arguments in favor of the executive power, so far as we are aware, are only two: First, that under the war power the President has the exclusive right to re-organize civil government, as essential to the restoration of a lasting peace. Second, that the President has, by virtue of his oath to preserve and defend the Constitution, a general power and duty to do whatever is necessary to this end. These are all the arguments which we have ever seen upon that side of the question, although it has been asserted, without argument, that the President is required by the Constitution to guarantee republican governments to every State.

The claim founded upon the war power has the most plausibility, owing to the inclination of loyal men during the war to submit quietly to the assumption of doubtful powers, under the plea of necessity. But a time has come in which more vigilance must be exercised, and in which the encroachments of the Executive, no matter what may be

their motive or their excuse, must be exposed and resisted. The war power lasts only with the war. That which it destroys may remain destroyed after the power itself has ceased, but that which it creates cannot outlive its creator. So strongly has this been felt, that grave doubts were entertained as to the permanency of emancipation by military action, although it was a purely negative act, since freedom is not a quality or privilege, but merely the absence of shackles and restriction. If then, as every Democratic politician insisted, and as many candid Union statesmen feared, the destruction of slavery by war did not outlast the war, how much less should the construction of a State under the same power be more permanent?

The advocates of this theory profess an extreme aversion to the idea that the rebellious States have in any way lost their *status* in the Union. Yet their doctrine implies that the President may impose any terms upon these States in his absolute discretion. For the ordinary restrictions of the Constitution do not extend to the war power, and if, by virtue of that power, the President can reconstruct civil government in a State at all, he can do so in any form whatsoever that may seem to him good. He may create a despotism just as legitimately as a republic. But the whole idea is a contradiction in terms. The use of the war power to regulate the process of ordinary civil administration is absurd, unless you are dealing with a conquered territory, and are founding a new government by right of conquest; and this the advocates of re-organization, by the war power, are most anxious to disclaim.

The second argument, founded upon the President's official oath, is yet more shallow. Every justice of the peace, every petty constable in the land, is required to swear that he will support the Constitution. According to this argument, it would be the right and the duty of every Dogberry in our police courts to do all things which might, in his judgment, be necessary to preserve the Constitution from injury. When was it ever before suggested that an officer's powers were enlarged by his oath of office beyond the scope of the laws prescribing his duties?

It is admitted on all sides that the vitality of the rebellious States, and their relations with the national Government, were "impaired and suspended" (to use the language of Mr. Johnson himself), and that, as a matter of fact, those States were without any recognizable civil government. The Constitution provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government," and it is under this clause that Mr. Johnson is supposed to act. The whole controversy depends upon the meaning of these words. If the President is clothed by the Constitution with this power, then his course is justifiable; but if this power belongs to Congress, then all his labors in reconstruction are so many acts of usurpation, however well meant they may be.

Now where, we would ask, is there any clause in the Constitution giving to the President a general power to carry out provisions like this, involving the exercise of the highest degree of legislative discretion? It is declared that he shall have the *executive* power, but is the discrimination required to decide between conflicting forms of government any more executive in its nature than a decision between various modes of taxation? Can anything be conceived of more peculiarly within the province of legislation? If it is within the power of the executive department to determine uncontrolled such momentous questions as this, we should conceive that a legislature would be soon treated as an empty superfluity. The very existence of the States, including all the machinery by which the election of a Congress is possible, would be absolutely dependent upon the will of one man. So long as he permitted them to exist, they might continue to attend to minor matters; but with a single mandate he could sweep them all out of existence and substitute such governments as he chose to call more truly republican. Neither Congress nor the judiciary could restrain him, for the Supreme Court has repeatedly held that when one department of the government is clothed with a power like this, no other department can dispute its action.

On the other hand, the Constitution expressly gives to Congress authority to make laws for carrying into effect all powers vested by it "in the government of the United States," thus clearly including

within the powers of Congress the guarantee of republican State governments. This construction had the unanimous sanction of the Supreme Court in the famous case of *Luther vs. Borden* (7 Howard) where the doctrine is clearly stated that the legal government of a State is that which Congress recognizes, and where all the power of the President over the subject is treated as derivable from express statutes, and not from any direct delegation of power to him by the Constitution.

To this authority we may add the express declarations of the President himself, through the Secretary of State. On July 24, 1865, Mr. Seward telegraphed to the "provisional governor" of Mississippi: "The government of the State will be *provisional only*, until the civil authorities shall be restored *with the approval of Congress*." So on September 12, 1865, he wrote to Governor Marvin, of Florida: "It must, however, be *distinctly understood* that the restoration to which your proclamation refers *will be subject to the decision of Congress*."

A new light has come to the peculiar friends of the President since these telegrams were written, and, as seems likely, to the President himself. It is now asserted that his action was final, and subject to no decision of Congress. It is boldly asserted that *Congress*, as such, has no rights in the premises. Each house, acting separately, may reject individual members on personal grounds, but may not even exercise the poor right of enquiring whether the conditions which Mr. Johnson himself imposed have been complied with—much less enquire whether those conditions were sufficient. Only *one* of the revolted States has declared its ordinance of secession to have been null and void *from the beginning*. None of those which have been re-organized since April last have squarely treated their legislation while in rebellion as void. None of them have ratified the action of their late conventions by a majority of the votes cast at a popular election. Only one has pretended to make such a ratification at all, and there only 18,000 voted for reunion, though 55,000 voted on the same day for governor and Congress. Yet into all this Congress may not enquire! The Constitution requires that the representatives of every State shall be chosen at a time and in a manner to be prescribed by its legislature. Not one-third of these claimants even pretend to have been chosen at elections thus held; yet it is said Congress cannot reject them! Though Congress may be satisfied that the governments under which they claim, and the States which they represent, have no lawful existence, it cannot reject them! According to this doctrine, if a French army should occupy Texas, and under the pretence of a State organization should elect members of Congress from its own ranks, Congress could do nothing more than to enquire whether the ballots were deposited in an orderly manner, and whether the persons elected were loyal men. God forbid that an American Congress should ever accept this servile doctrine!

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CANADA.

WE Americans, or the Northern portion of us at least, seem to submit to the sorrows of the Canadians as well as to the vexations of England with that resignation which men are apt to display in view of the distresses of other people. Indeed, there is not wanting a keen enjoyment of the perplexities of our neighbors and cousins on both sides the water, remembering how much satisfaction they took in the contemplation of our own, especially as the element of ridicule enters so largely into the matter. No intelligent American, we conceive, imagines that either Ireland or Canada is in any serious danger from the Fenian conspiracy, and this gives double relish to the enjoyment of the sight of men frightened at nothing, or next to nothing, who thought it a good joke when we had half the continent on our hands. We will trust that we should not be willing to return evil for evil to the extent that the carnal heart might desire, if we could, nor even to solace ourselves with Lord Byron's witty sophism:

"Revenge in people's certainly no virtue;
But then it's not my fault if others hurt you!"

—for we don't believe they are going to be hurt. But it can do the English nation and their provincial dependencies no harm to feel, by experience, that insurrection is not an excellent jest when it raises its head against themselves. And they may come to see that the armed secession of half the United States was a circumstance worth fighting

against when the mere threat of the separation of Ireland from England causes such an uproar. They held that the South was entirely in the right, and marvelled that we did not let them have their own way in such a trifling particular as the dismemberment of an empire. We might now turn the tables upon them; but we will not. We will observe our own laws, if they did not observe theirs, and will permit no hostile attacks to be made from our frontiers or our ports. And this in the belief that it is quite as much in the interest of the Irish themselves, on both sides the Atlantic, as of the English. But, whether or not, we shall return good for evil, and enforce our own laws even though England did wink at the evasion of hers.

There is a wide difference, however, between our rebellion and that organized by the Irish against England. Our rebels had not the faintest shadow of excuse for their attempt against the United States Government, excepting that they had been spoiled by excessive indulgence; whereas Ireland has had abundant grounds for rising in arms against England any time for the last seven hundred years—less now than in old times, it must be allowed, but yet abundantly sufficient for deep-seated discontent and every rational effort to be rid of them. Until very recent times, it was the avowed aim of England to make the conquered island her bond-maid rather than her adopted daughter. Were it not written down in the statutes at large, it would be hard to believe that such oppressions could be inflicted or be endured. The crops, the cattle, the manufactures, every industry of the Irish, were controlled with a single eye to English profits. Entails and absenteeism brooded like nightmares on the fair breast of the island, and the soil, which only needed common humanity and common sense on the part of its rulers to be made the most fertile of its acreage in Europe, was deformed with the most hideous poverty, and laid waste by the most horrible of famines. The cruelty of the laws against Catholicism, intended to compel obedience to the Established Church, helped to paralyze the hand of industry, and to turn what should be the garden of God into a wilderness. Ireland is a proof, notwithstanding all its disorders and lawless violence, of how much a people will endure before they will rise in resistance to oppression. Still, much of this oppression is now matter of history only, and the actual condition of Ireland is much improved from what it was fifty or even five-and-twenty years ago. Much of the discontent, which seems to have become a chronic disease, proceeds rather from traditional hatreds than from existing wrongs, though there are enough to repair yet.

Redundancy of population and the locking up of the land by entails, mortgages, settlements, jointures, and a multitude of other incumbrances, which made conveyances almost impossible, were two of the great evils under which Ireland suffered. The cruel kindness of the famine, and the emigration which has increased to such proportions as to make agricultural labor hard to get, remedied in some measure the first of these, while the latter was met by the Encumbered Estates Court, by means of which estates long eaten out by debt, and yet held together by the external force of law, were released literally from their bonds, and the land set free from the chains that bound it to poverty and despair. A perfect title could be thus given by the decree of a court, superseding the voluminous title-deeds of the former days by a slip of paper no bigger than a man's hand. This legislation opened the market to large and small English capitalists; land at once and the condition of the laboring classes were improved by this infusion of intelligence and capital. Still, two great mischiefs remain untouched, which must be fruitful of discontent and misery as long as they endure. The one is the enforced maintenance of the Established Church by the millions for the use of a few thousands and the emolument of pastors without flocks. The other, and the more material, is the tenure of land at will by the peasantry, especially in the south of Ireland, whereby they are liable to be turned out of their cabins and small holdings at a short notice, without allowance for any substantial improvements they may have made. This is a just ground of dissatisfaction, and no permanent tranquillity can be hoped for until a remedy has been found for it. It is possible that this very Fenian trouble may have the incidental advantage of teaching legislators that it is easier to prevent disorders by justice than to repress them by force. And if the inevitable failure of the move-

ment shall teach the Irish that it is by moral force, such as O'Connell preached, and not by armed force against impossible odds, that the revolutions they wish to accomplish are to be brought about, the lesson may be worth what it will cost.

AN AMERICAN CEMETERY IN MEXICO.

THERE is a case of a certain grave-yard in Mexico, not far from Maximilian's palace, which we should like to refer to some appropriate official person, corporation, or committee—say, perhaps, to the Congressional Committee on Reconstruction. The last-named general receptacle or sewer of incongruous matters surely contains vastly many less needing "rehabilitation" and "restoration" than this present one, as we shall now proceed to show. In the year 1853, our Government finished a cemetery, situate about two and a half miles from the City of Mexico, alongside the English burial-ground, which was built ten or fifteen years before. Its design was, first, to receive the bones of such unseparated soldiers of ours as still lay, after six or seven years, on the battle-fields marking our twofold advance, under Taylor and Scott, upon the Mexican stronghold; secondly, to furnish a future burying-place for Americans dying in the country. A Mr. C. C. Goss (whose name, by the way, with the prefix of "*Rev.*," we have lately seen figuring among the rolls of army chaplains on the Union side in the late war) proceeded, by authority, to Mexico, to superintend the opening of the cemetery. He soon began to dredge the chief battle-fields of our national glory, and had the mournful pleasure of amassing a formidable heap of bones. Many of these, however, were apprehended to be the frames of mules and other beasts of burden who had perished on the fields—the more especially as Mr. Goss's accredited terms of contract with the teamsters who raked together and garnered the bones were "so much a load." Careful scrapings and savings, under such circumstances, of anything possibly osseous would naturally take place even among wagoners most profoundly stricken with the sacredness of the cause wherein the heroes fell and with the glory of our republic. And we regret to add that, in memory of their assiduous labors *en chiffonniers*, a vulgar nickname still attaches to the American cemetery in Mexico—witty enough, but too wicked, to record in print.

At length the perishable remains of at least 750 American soldiers (with possible equine interpolations, as we have said) were supposed to be collected; and, accordingly, a deposit of them was made in a prominent quarter of the sacred ground, and above them was set a decent monument, a few feet high, hewn from a stone somewhat resembling our Northern granite. One face of this obelisk still bears an inscription which (if we remember aright) runs nearly as follows: *To the memory of the officers and soldiers of the American army who fell by disease and battle in the valleys of Mexico during the years 1846 and 1847.* The device on the other side is, however, the more striking one, and is in words and numbers to wit:

The Remains of
750
Are Here Interred
Under an Act
of Congress.

Accordingly, when a new edition of "Greenleaf on Evidence" comes out, under the learned jurist's head of "What may be *Monumenta* or *Monuments*," the annotator can enrich the list with the hint given by this funeral lithograph: namely, that an act of Congress may sometimes be a "monument," and if not sufficiently so to "live and die under," enough at least to be buried under. Of course, it is hardly necessary to point out the ingenuity wherewith the disputed nature of a portion of the remains is avoided by the use of the simple numerals. "The remains of 750"—well, 750 what? That is as you wish, dear sir. Should you adopt the theory set forth on the obverse face of the memorial stone, reply "750 soldiers." Should a sceptical habit lead you to the other theory, which, if more profane, is more popular, there again you are suited.

Everything being in readiness, the cemetery was thrown open and proposals invited for interments. Now, the terms whereon this cemetery has been kept available from that day to this are, that Americans shall pay \$40 for each tomb there, while persons of any other nation

pay \$52. A very good and heavy wall distinctly marks the span of the mortuary premises. Within the enclosure is the modest house of the keeper. He has this domiciliary perquisite, and, besides, the meagre pay of \$6 for each grave he may dig—\$6 equally for American and foreigner, on the ground that there is no nationality in the grave, whatever there may be in the grave-yard. In this cemetery there have been, beside the initial inhuming of the "750" since the year 1853, a total of about 110 interments, reckoning up to the present time. Now, so far as the grave-digger's earnings go, that interval represents but \$660 for the gross receipts of thirteen years. It will be seen, of course, that he must long ago have quietly sacrificed himself to make the necrologic figure 111 instead of 110 had he possessed no other means of support. This would have been obviously rough usage of Schneider, for such is, in fact, the name of the worthy grave-digger. But it so happens that he enjoys another privilege, *virtute officii*, which quite puts him above the mercy of the sanitary condition of the City of Mexico. This privilege is a right of retaining all the ground within the burial-place not actually used and occupied for the purposes of interment as a garden for vegetables. The honest Schneider had always, therefore, a good and prolific soil at his command, and he works it well. He set it out chiefly with cabbages, and, though this circumstance procured the sacred enclosure the well-known epithet of the "American cabbage-ground" from irreverential citizens, yet nothing can be more striking than its omnipresent contrast of growth and decay, life and death, life out of death. The moral is very fine; nor can any observer, however satirical, level a word in disparagement of the extraordinary profusion and the first-class quality of our thrifty keeper's vegetable productions.

Now the ossuary over which, as has been said, is fixed the commemorative tablet, is in that part of the enclosure most distant from the entrance. There, also, are the vaults. In consequence, every funeral has to pass through a long double row of cabbages, for a bed of the esculent flourishes on each side of the road leading from the gate to the place of sepulture. There are, indeed, by-paths which flank these vegetable gardens; but of course they do not avoid the agricultural view, and the main road, we repeat, bisects a vigorous cabbage-field, at whose terminus are the few graves. These latter occupy a sorry bit of territory, compared with the stretch of domain assigned to the gross-leaved living tenants of the necropolis. With his cabbages, good man Schneider, impelled perhaps by some family fatalism, which springs from ancestral relish of that delicacy, makes famous sauer-kraut. It is the only sauer-kraut, we believe, in the empire (or republic) of Mexico. At all events, it is the most celebrated, and everybody is loud in praise of Schneider's sauer-kraut. Whether this partiality comes from some popular absurd theory with regard to its origin (for this point, of course, furnishes the standard joke between friends over the pleasant dish) cannot be affirmed. At all events, such is the fact; and we may be sure, therefore, that it is not only in our martial but in our horticultural character that we Americans get toasted at little domestic convivialities in Mexico.

However, perhaps it might now be well to forego the practice of husbandry, for awhile at least, in our national cemetery and burial-place of heroes, and devote the sacred enclosure entirely to the dead. In most respects the grave-yard is in good condition. The substantial wall which surrounds it (and fine walls are an American institution, as foreigners, staring at magnificent stone fences in our country, enclosing very ordinary ground, will testify) is in good preservation, while that of its English neighbor has constantly to be put in repair. The English yard, however, is not used for cultivating cabbages. And ours, too, need not be, provided we give the keeper proper wages for keeping it in order. He need not wholly abandon the agricultural pursuits which have earned him fame and fortune far above his funeral labors. But he can conduct them perhaps in a little different locality; though it must be owned, we fear, his customers would begin to say sadly, "Ah, it's no longer Schneider's sauer-kraut!" Nevertheless, though at this individual sacrifice, the national reputation might not suffer by giving something less of a bucolic and more of a burial character to our Mexican cemetery. The busy gardener now depends, in the more solemn, but less exacting and less lucrative, half of his profession, on receipts which are not only very fluctuating,

but eminently depressing to a man of any ambition, as our statistics have shown. Mexico is, of all cities, most hostile, as everybody knows, to the calling of the coffin-maker and grave-digger. Now poor Schneider ought not to be made to suffer for a sanitary excellence which is not his fault, and which he doubtless laments as heartily as anybody. He should have a regular and sufficient stipend from our Government. And, if it be true that his office is merely a sinecure, that unhappy fact ought not to influence our action in his case; it surely does not in some other cases of sinecures we know of. And, besides, something else might be added to the round of his duties in order to make them equal to the measure of his wages.

This cemetery, at all events, may profitably fall under the view of some "reconstruction" committee. At present our zealous gardener grave-digger has had actually to drum up custom for the yard. Since foreigners may be buried in our grounds, he has sometimes successfully pleaded with our consular representatives in the capital for a reduction of the high rates, in individual cases, that an entombing might take place which would otherwise be refused in favor of less expensive sepulture. The infrequency with which his fee falls to him naturally renders it an object of greater value and exertion.

ACTION AND REACTION.

WHENEVER an orator or a writer wishes to be at once brilliant and profound, and to impress his hearers or his readers with an overwhelming sense of his erudition and his sagacity, he strikes an attitude and exclaims: "History always repeats herself!" We believe that it is a quotation from somebody or other, we forget whom, if we ever knew; but it is of the less consequence where it comes from, inasmuch as it is untrue. History does nothing of the kind. She does not repeat herself, and never did. She has always too much new matter ready to her hand to make it at all worth her while. There are no two facts of history that exactly resemble each other any more than any two noses or two blades of grass. Human nature, indeed, is the same in all ages, and the effects of its passions on human affairs have certain generic resemblances, but always with distinctive specific differences. As the circumstances, attendant and antecedent, of historical events are never alike, so no repetition of a particular result can be safely prophesied from an imagined or real resemblance in a new set of facts to those which brought it about. Republics have always proceeded from freedom to licentiousness, from licentiousness to anarchy, and from anarchy to despotism. Therefore the American experiment must end as all that have gone before it. The old Federalists, than whom no more honest men or truer patriots ever existed, had fearful misgivings in this direction, and trembled as they read the doom of their own country in that of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths. When the slaveholders' rebellion broke out, every half-fledged politician in Parliament ran cackling about in ecstasy at the certainty, now made doubly sure, that "the republican bubble had burst!" And even old and experienced statesmen gravely prophesied the inevitable downfall of our democratic institutions. Thus far, however, history has not repeated herself. The republic has shown herself strong enough to put down the most formidable rebellion that history records, and yet General Grant is neither dictator nor emperor. Congress still sits. There is no tyranny or violence in the loyal States, and if there be any such in the rebel region, it certainly is not on the side of the victorious government. History certainly does not repeat herself when the dangers men dread are looked for from the vanquished and not the conquerors—when the appalling watchword is said to be not *Vie victis!* but *Vie victoribus!*

Then history teaches us that reaction always follows action, and the last end of a nation is often worse than the first, after a struggle for freedom. Did not the Restoration replace the Commonwealth and Charles II. succeed to Cromwell? Did not Bonaparte inherit the fruits of the French Revolution? And how soon did 1849 devour up the promise of 1848! The American nation rose up against their slave-driving lords and conquered them; but now comes the reaction, and the treason of the vile and the supineness of the good are to deliver it up again into the hands of its old masters. The blood and tears poured

out during the four years of the war were all shed in vain. They cry unto heaven from the ground, but man regardeth them not.

—"In vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears
Have all been borne and broken by the accord
Of roused up millions!"

History repeats herself. As it hath been, so shall it ever be. With all respect for the sagacity of those adepts who would cast the horoscope of the future by the lights of the past, we deny both propositions. There is no analogy between any passages in the history of the Old World and that we are now going through of our own. And if there were any, there would be nothing discouraging about it, for England was much better off under Charles II. than under either his father or his grandfather, as was France under Bonaparte than under Louis XV. or any of his predecessors. And though the upheaving of 1848 did not shake the continent of Europe altogether to rights, it left it in better condition than it had ever before been in, and one which makes more possible than ever before yet more beneficent political and social changes. But there is no analogy between the conditions under which the revolutions of the Old World or of antiquity took place and those of the one we have just passed through, or rather which we have yet to complete and consolidate.

We think that less than justice is done to the American people by those who think that they can be cajoled or cheated out of the fruits of their victory over their rebels. They have never been accused of being indifferent to their own interests, we believe, though they sometimes misunderstood them. Had they been truly wise in their generation they would not have suffered the slave power to gain the ascendancy in their affairs that it so long exercised. But it is a fact in human nature that men will endure political injuries with amazing patience, in the hope of their curing themselves in some unimaginable way, and in the fear of flying to worse evils that they know not of. Five years ago at this time how black the prospect looked! The noise and outcry of the sympathizers with the rebels made it look as if we were all ready to surrender everything at discretion. But as soon as the echo of the cannonade at Sumter reached the North, the whole scene changed as by enchantment. The Copperheads slunk to their dens. The Northern rebels hid their heads in astonishment. They had not comprehended, any more than their Southern masters, the meaning of the mighty silence which they had disturbed with the barbarous noise

"Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs."

In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, all was changed. The people made their majestic purpose known and never wavered nor flinched until they had accomplished it, and put their enemies under their feet. And now, because they have relapsed into grand repose, and the same obscene birds and unclean beasts and venomous reptiles have ventured into the light of day again, making it hideous, is it to be believed that the people which trampled out the rebellion are to be hoodwinked and made again the serfs of the slave power under another name? They deserve better of their friends than that belief. No conspiracy of Southern rebels and Northern traitors, no coalition of pro-slavery Democrats and renegade Republicans, even if it were led by an apostate President, could give the control of this nation again to the States lately in insurrection. The people would crush any such attempt as sternly and effectually as they did the rebellion, though with other weapons. But we have no such conspiracy and no such leading to fear. Wide as differences of opinion may be among public men, there is no just ground to accuse tried Republicans of treason, or the head of the nation of apostasy. Dissidences and disorders are inseparable from the transition state we are now passing through, and they cannot be quieted and reconciled in a moment. But the *terribilis causa belli* being at an end, all moral, political, and economical forces will irresistibly, though gradually, compel a true peace, followed by its natural blessings.

And, indeed, the reaction which is so much feared as always following action has already taken place, and we are living in the midst of it. It was the reaction against slavery which inspired, sometimes without their knowing it, the men of all parties who carried the war against the rebellion through to a successful issue. Under its compulsion slavery was abolished and the organic institutions of the rebel

States forcibly revolutionized. The loyal people know their own meaning, and they will keep the control of their Government in their own hands. The sublime clemency and god-like magnanimity with which they have treated their fallen foes is beyond the capacity of those unhappy men to conceive of. They can attribute such conduct only to weakness or fear. They cannot see in this the very expression of conscious strength and deliberate courage. But let them and their creatures at the North attempt to defeat by indirection the great purpose of the people, and they will learn that the reaction against slavery has not reacted in favor of rebels. They will never rivet the broken links of their shattered chain upon their free limbs again.

"—Que bellus raptus,
Cum semel effugit, reddet se prava catenis?"

What a beast that lacks discourse of reason would refuse to do, the American people are in no danger of doing. And it is small wisdom and mistaken patriotism to assume or to argue that they are.

THE DEBATES IN THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT.—M. DE GIRARDIN.

THE annual tournament of eloquence in the French parliament has begun. The only occasion which is offered under the present system to the members of the opposition is the discussion of the address. Once a year only they can bring forward all their grievances; they are then obliged to condense all they have been accumulating; they cannot choose their time nor their opportunity, and must needs serve the French public with a *menu* which is necessarily too full. Who can digest, all at once, a long and magnificent speech of M. Thiers on liberty, a speech of M. Lanjuinais on Algeria, another by M. Jules Favre on the Roman question, a philippic of Pelletan against electoral corruption, a satire of Picard against Imperial functionaries, etc.? It really seems as if the whole system had been so arranged as to disgust the French public with parliamentary debates. The deputies feel very keenly the difficulty of their position; they are obliged to bring in question after question, in quick succession, just as schoolboys recite their lessons one after the other. They jump from Rome to Mexico, from Mexico to Cochinchina, from Cochinchina to Paris, and, as the old proverb says, "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

On the Mexican affair the opposition has met with no success whatever, and we fear that its campaign has not been well conducted. M. Picard was beginning to speak on this point when he was interrupted by M. Rouher, who, in the name of the Government, begged the opposition to postpone the discussion, as negotiations had been entered into with the United States Government, the result of which was not yet known. After this oracular declaration, M. Rouher sat down, and, after some hesitation, M. Picard declared, in the name of the opposition, that he was willing to wait and would not throw new difficulties in the way of the Government. This sort of coquetting between the ministry and the parliament is very well in its place where there is a real constitutional government, and where the house, sooner or later, is sure of exercising its control over the affairs of the country. But, considering the nature of the Imperial Government and its mode of managing foreign affairs, the course of M. Picard and his friends seems somewhat simple. The secretary of the Mexican legation in Paris said, the other day, "If we can only reach May, we are safe!"

The new president of the House, Walewski, is not equal to his predecessor, Morny. The only resemblance between them is that, like Morny, he owes his great favor to the fact that he is an illegitimate son of the first Bonaparte. His mother was the beautiful Polish Countess Walewska. When he was appointed president of the house, after the death of Morny, some French wit quoted a famous verse of Boileau:

"Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop."

M. Walewski finds it very tedious listening to all the debates, and he is very often absent. A few days ago the old veteran Glais-Bizoin, speaking incidentally of Mexico, referred to it as "that empire which is supported by thousands of bayonets." This sentence, pronounced with some emphasis, brought M. Walewski back to himself; and thinking that M. Glais-Bizoin was speaking of the French Empire, he violently interrupted him and called him to order,

to the bewilderment of the whole house. M. Glais-Bizoin quietly remarked that he was speaking of Mexico. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said Walewski, with much confusion and amid much laughter.

The same M. Glais-Bizoin excited M. Rouher's wrath to such an extent, at the end of a speech, that the Minister of State got up and exclaimed: "This is no longer politics; this is a *pasquinade*" (which we may, perhaps, translate "buffoonery"). A great tumult followed this interruption, and almost every member in the House took the side of M. Glais-Bizoin. The disorder and the melee was such that M. Walewski, in his despair, closed the debate and left the presidential chair. Curiously enough, Glais-Bizoin was invited to dine the same evening at Rouher's; he did not go, however, and did not think it necessary to send an excuse.

The humor of the House is no longer what it was in former times, when "*les cinq*" composed the whole opposition, and when every word which fell from the ministerial lips was an oracle. The deputies are not indifferent to the progress and agitation of public opinion. One of them, a ministerialist and Bonapartist, said to the present writer some time ago: "I am rather puzzled in my department. I don't know whom I ought to *soigner* (to cajole) most, my prefect or my electors." A great many find it already necessary to pay some attention to the wishes of their electors, and not to put their whole trust in the protection of the once all-powerful *préfet*.

The greatest event of the session is the amendment proposed to the address by forty deputies who do not belong to the real opposition, but who nevertheless claim more liberties for the nation. The amendatory proposition, which at first obtained but forty signatures, has since received eighty, and it may have more when the day of its discussion arrives. This discussion will be very interesting; for the first time the opposition will be silent, and the rights of liberty will be defended by new champions. The formation of this *tiers-parti* may be (without punning) attributed partly to Thiers. The moderation and statesmanlike character of his opposition has made many converts in the majority. If the actual progress is maintained, we should not wonder if even the present Chamber should prove very troublesome to the Imperial despotism before the end of its session.

Outside of Parliament great agitation has been created by the recent articles of M. Emile de Girardin. Girardin may almost be called the most important journalist in France. In his hand the *Presse* became once an important political weapon. Girardin is a dangerous friend, but even a more dangerous enemy. He killed Armand Carrel in a duel; he killed the republicans of the National by his articles. Cavaignac put him in prison after the insurrection of June; once at liberty, he began an almost savage warfare against him. None contributed so much to hinder his election to the presidency, and to promote the election of Louis Bonaparte. After the *coup d'état*, he abandoned politics, and quietly increased in speculation his already large fortune. He has amused himself lately in writing sensational dramas, "*Le Supplice d'une Femme*" and "*Les Deux Sœurs*." His restlessness has again brought him back to the field of politics. Girardin is no sentimentalist; he is almost cynical in his utter contempt for political partizanship; he professes no preference for any man or any form of government. "Liberty" is his only motto, and the loyalty which he has shown to the cause of abstract liberty will certainly redeem many of his faults and of his errors. About a month ago, after a silence of many years, he began a series of articles in his paper, the *Presse*, in which he had always preserved great influence. These articles were entitled "*Lettres d'un Mort*." From his political grave he was looking on France, and he described her agonies with a wonderful and sarcastic eloquence. He warned the Emperor against the imbecility of his counsellors, and prophesied that nothing could save France from a new revolution but liberal reforms. His sharp, clear, thrilling voice was exciting too much attention. The *Presse* received in a week two *avertissements*; the proprietors of the paper were frightened, for after two *avertissements* a paper can be suppressed by the Government. The shareholders asked Girardin to lower his tone; he left them defiantly, and bought an unknown newspaper called the *Liberté*, which was on the point of dying for want of subscribers. He laid aside the sum of one million, and said to his

friends: "I am willing to sink this sum in my new paper before it can be made to pay." Under the present régime, and with the stamp duty, no paper can cover its expenses before the shareholders have sacrificed about that sum. So the *Liberté* was started by Girardin alone. It began with six hundred subscribers; after a week it had one thousand; Girardin expects to have twenty thousand before the end of the year. Will he not deserve them? If many men had his pluck and enterprise, France would not be reduced to the melancholy condition in which she finds herself.

SHAKESPEARE.

It needs no bow o'erstrained to wing the shaft
Of wit and wisdom. When true poets sing,
Into the night new constellations spring,
That lure us from our lamps—books rich with craft
Of rhetoric. So, when Shakespeare sang or laughed,
The world with long sweet Alpine echoes thrilled—
Voiceless to learned tongues no Muse had filled
With melody divine. Athirst we quaffed
His airy electric words like heavenly wine.
The mountain summits of that Orient land
Outsoar the level of our praises fine.
All others lie around like tracts of sand,
With here and there a green isle or a palm
That whispers pleasantly when days are calm.

C. P. CRANCH.

THE ACTING OF MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

THE return of Mr. Booth to the stage has been one of the pleasant features in New York life the past winter. It was pleasant to think that he had so far recovered from his gloom that he could appear in his natural guise before the public; it was pleasant to see the public as welcoming their old favorite again; it was pleasant to witness the delight of thousands who found their choicest entertainment in his acting; and pleasant it was also to know that the New York theatre was to have the benefit of his fine character and his great ability. Mr. Booth has laid out his strength on two characters, the impersonation of which has become almost identified with his person—*Hamlet* and *Richelieu*. The "*Hamlet*" was the drama that had the stupendous success a year ago. The "*Richelieu*" was the revival of a favorite rôle on a scale of magnificence which placed it as a spectacle side by side with the "*Hamlet*," the two being probably the most beautiful scenic representations ever given in this country. In the case of Sir Bulwer Lytton's play, this gorgeousness of scenery, furniture, costume, and general stage appointment is in perfect keeping with the play itself, which is brilliant and artificial, marked by no high qualities of genius, and characterized by no attempt to exhibit the working of strong passions or the development of strong characters. All there is in the play may be seen at a glance. It is essentially a spectacle; the more spectacular it is, therefore, the better it is. With "*Hamlet*" the case is different. Here everything is grand, profound, even tremendous, in its intellectual and moral aspect. The actor has to portray the action of a great soul in a great crisis of its destiny; and the painted pasteboard, the cheap tinsel, the banners, the drawing-room elegances, and the calcium lights are as much out of place in the stern grandeur of the piece, as they would have been in the actual life of the antique time in which the scene of the drama is laid. A severe taste cannot easily become reconciled to a spectacular "*Hamlet*." The eyes dazzled by the spectacle are in no condition to see the "*Hamlet*;" and the *Hamlet* himself looks wholly out of place "assisting" at a spectacle.

In "*Richelieu*," as we have said, there is no such incongruity. Little is required beyond the decorator's art, and a mastery of stage finesse on the part of the actor. In this Mr. Booth is a wonder of skill. His familiarity with stage effects, and his address in employing them, are something exquisite. He dresses his part faultlessly; his disguise is complete; his command of form and countenance is equal to every exigency; his by-play is quick, various, interesting; his postures are easy; his movement is graceful. It is difficult to see how art can do anything more. In personating *Richelieu*, the actor's responsibility is limited to the representation of the author's conception, and that is all given plainly in the text. No original study of character is allowed; there is no room for the display of genius, for there is no room for any great difference of interpretation. The work of creation is all done by hand. If the creation is a false one, that is not the

player's fault. It is no affair of his if the *Richelieu* of the play is not precisely the *Richelieu* of history, if the sentiments are not his sentiments, nor the words such as he would have spoken, nor the passions such as he would have felt. The play exhibits a series of situations, nothing more; and if the actor gets up the situations well, it is enough. Mr. Booth does this eminently well; but, being in a critical mood, we must presume to say that, in our judgment, he does not do it perfectly. The piece was overacted. As the play went on, our thoughts wandered back to the France of the seventeenth century and to the court of Louis XIII., and we could not help asking ourselves if the great soldier, noble statesman, minister, priest, of that stately period conducted himself in this way towards the men and women about him; if he was thus unreserved and familiar, if he gave way in public to such violent bursts of passion, if he raised his voice so high, or allowed himself to be detected in such hysterical spasms of feeling. His schooling of years in self-command and diplomatic reticence was to little purpose if such scenes as Mr. Booth depicts in the fourth act could have taken place. The physical capacities of old age vary so greatly in different persons that it might be rash to decide against an old man's power to indulge in such tremendous explosions of feeling as are exhibited at the Winter Garden, but it must be quite safe to say that an old age like that of Armand Richelieu could not let such pent-up fires escape in physical demonstrations. Mr. Booth presents the character admirably, according to his conception of it; but the conception itself strikes us as faulty. There is more art than genius, more fancy than imagination, more taste than intellect. Art so fine, taste so delicate, fancy so rich and rare, are too good to be dispraised, too precious to be undervalued; the multitude is fascinated by them; they draw the crowds and win the homage. So remunerative are they in peace and applause that the temptation to overwork them is no doubt irresistible. Still where the finish is so exquisite, one cannot help wishing the material were a little more solid.

The defect in imaginative power—the power to conceive and create—is most evident in the interpretation which Mr. Booth gives us of *Hamlet*. Far be it from us, modest critics as we are, to revive the old controversy respecting the character of the melancholy prince or the theme which Shakespeare meant to treat when he wrote the play. It is enough for our purpose that a great character is presented, and that a great theme is worked out. The elemental features of the character, too, are thrust forth prominently, and the stray points of the theme are pushed forward with unmistakable force. Whatever else Shakespeare's *Hamlet* may be, whatever we may think of his madness, he is a man of immense intellectual and moral power—no weakling, no morbid sentimentalist, no melancholy dreamer, no moon-struck misanthrope. He is a deep thinker on the mysteries of this life and of the life beyond—a philosopher, a student, a scholar, who is simply too great intellectually to yield to any passion however absorbing and sacred. He could not act as other men would, because he saw too many reasons why he should not. All sides of the case presented themselves to him: he must act from thought, rationally, and reason is for ever suggesting delays and reconsiderations. The intellect must have been immense that could resist such a flood of impulse as stormed through him, but it did resist—it held him bound. And yet, not his intellect more than his conscience: *Hamlet* was too good a man to commit a crime if there was any possibility of helping it. The inducements were terrific in force: the moral sentiment of the age he lived in, the duty of the son to avenge the father, the father's re-appearance from the dead in visible and unmistakable form, recounting in detail the story of his murder and bidding his son avenge it, whetting his purpose to avenge it by repeated visits, the shameful character of the man who had committed the crime—all conspired to drive him to consummate vengeance. What restrained him? Not his weakness, but his power not his lack of will, but the sanctity of his will. He must be sure that he is acting rationally and nobly, with free mind and uncorrupted heart; and of that he cannot be sure. He puts himself off with false pretexts, and squares the account with his conscience by finding fault with his opportunity. The reason he does not stab his uncle at his prayer is really that he has not made up his mind to kill him at all; he is waiting for more proof. The reason he gives to himself, namely, that his uncle would then go to heaven, is simply the fetch by which he comes off without discredit to the general drift of his persuasion. Had the deed to be done been anything else, though ten times huger, he could have done it easily; but *this* deed, no. This intellectual and moral sublimity marches grandly all through the play, teased by outward irritations, weakened occasionally by nervous exhaustion, slightly distempered by the warfare that waged incessantly within him, but never completely unsettled or broken down. His melancholy was born of thought before it was nursed by sorrow or matured by supernatural visit-

ation; he is outside of everything from the first and superior to everything; he dwells apart with great problems, not merely unconscious of the people about him, but profoundly conscious of spiritual verities within him. Precisely this, we are compelled to say, we miss in the impersonation of Edwin Booth. His *Hamlet* is beautiful, elegant, graceful, exquisitely refined and delicate, but neither intellectually nor morally strong. It is a romantic and sentimental *Hamlet*, pensive but not deeply reflective; sad, with the low-spiritedness of a morbid temperament increased by a tragic experience, not with the settled sorrow of a great soul steeped in thought and agony. He is vacillating and weak; he drifts before circumstances, instead of taking his stand on reason and conscience with a purpose to control fate. His action is that of a man of impulse; his movements are wayward and passive; his gesticulation is feeble; his declamation smooth, easy, balanced, as if no profound emotion was in him. He is distinguished from those about him by the finish of his artistic elaboration, rather than by the grandeur of the traits which he impersonates. It is Mr. Booth that is distinguished from his fellow-actors rather than the *Hamlet* he represents from the other personages of the drama. Is it Shakespeare's *Hamlet* who glides so serenely over the abrupt and awful breaks in the famous meditation on suicide, passes through the fine shocks of experience as if unconscious of their occurrence, and reaches the conclusion so little torn and scarred that when, at the close of the black struggle, he suddenly perceives the white-souled *Ophelia* at her matin worship, he is insensible of the mighty moral chasm between her and himself, and softly murmurs the wish that she might remember his sins along with her own, as if she had any sins to remember! or as if her blackest sin would not look white as wool against the midnight guilt of the heart that had just been facing self-murder? Is it Shakespeare's *Hamlet* who is so unreserved with his companions, so violent with his mistress, so vehement with his mother? Is it Shakespeare's *Hamlet* who shows so little self-command during the mock play that he must certainly have betrayed himself before it began? Is it Shakespeare's *Hamlet* who rushes into such a paroxysm of rage at the grave? This *Hamlet* is interesting and pitiful, as helpless sorrow always is, especially when it is sentimental. He is not fascinating or impressive, as the grief of a great mind never fails to be.

We have tried to avoid any unnecessary criticism of Shakespeare's own conception. Our purpose has been to take none but the conceded traits of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and show that they received less than justice at the hands of Mr. Booth. An analysis of separate readings would, we believe, fortify our judgment considerably; but for this there is no space here. One word sums up our criticism. We regard it as Mr. Booth's misfortune that he is divided between two widely differing schools of acting—the romantic and the natural. The traditions of his youth, his early observation and training, committed him to the romantic or heroic school; his organization, taste, aptitude, perhaps his later study also, incline him to the school of nature. But he seems never to have made a deliberate choice between the two; his favorite plays are romantic; his pet characters are romantic; in his treatment he aims at naturalness; hence the incongruity. Shakespeare's tragedies cannot be acted naturally, for they are entirely out of our "nature;" and to play them after the old unnatural style of the last century would be simply intolerable. How then can they be played at all? Even *Richelieu* cannot be acted naturally; for such an episode in French society cannot be reproduced as real to our audiences. There will always remain something that cannot be conveyed by our everyday means of expression, and that must be caricatured by strained action, artificial gesture, and stilted declamation. Mr. Booth does all that man can do; but no man can bring *Hamlet* or *Richelieu* into modern life. We think that if he would abandon the endeavor, and devote his very remarkable talents to studies in the school of nature he would achieve triumphs worthy of the greatest artists of the age.

AN ALMOST LIVING LITERATURE.

JOEL BARLOW, the distinguished American poet, died in a small village of Poland, having spent the last days of his life, if we are not mistaken, in the house of a poor Jew. American writers of our days, however, who desire to see the eastern parts of Europe, need not be deterred from travelling through the lands of the Sarmatians by fears of being overtaken by death or sickness in a lonely, uncomfortable, gloomy tavern or cot. They can, if they so choose, traverse in one or two days, in mail-coaches, rail-cars, and hacks, one of the largest fragments of quartered Poland, by turns sleeping, yawning, and learning from some fellow-traveller all the information necessary for a description or a lecture. Should, however, the object of the traveller be not only to see and to describe, but also to become familiar with the remote regions above mentioned, to study the character, the man-

ners, and social condition of the nations and races inhabiting them—should he venture far away from the locomotive and the *droshka*, we should consider it not only a natural but a common event if he were overtaken somewhere in the gorges of the Carpathian slopes or in the outskirts of the Lithuanian forests not by death, but by a snow-storm, stopped in his excursions for a number of days, and compelled to seek shelter, food, and amusement in the society of a half-civilized-looking Jewish family, whose corrupt German dialect would afford him an easier medium of conversation than the Slavic of the peasants.

Can that Jewish dwelling afford any nourishment for the inquisitive mind of a travelling American scholar? Let him not too soon despair. It shall not surprise us in the least if he discovers in one of the alcoves a private library of no mean dimensions. A Hebrew library belongs to the household of every respectable, or half-respectable, Jewish family in Poland. If our traveller has in his college years acquired, and not yet forgotten, the rudiments of that Semitic tongue, he can amply amuse himself, and no little enlarge his bibliographical knowledge; by deciphering the full titles of those crude folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; else let him study the shorter non-original titles affixed in Latin, Portuguese, German, or Polish, and he will still find plenty of literary entertainment. If there be a timid, bashful, young man in the house, we have no doubt he will be able to give fuller information on the works and their authors, for he will be the student of the family. Our traveller, it is true, must compel him to speak. By all means let him do it.

The Jewish people is the greatest of ethnological phenomena. Its literature is no less a phenomenon. Both are almost coeval with the history of mankind. The people whose cradle was the country between the Euphrates and the river of Egypt, the Lebanon and the Arabian Desert, continues to exist when scattered throughout all climes, from Melbourne to St. Paul and from Archangel to Rio de Janeiro; the literature, whose earliest specimens are the blessings of a Hebrew sheikh dying in Egypt, the warnings of a leader of nomads in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or the philosophy of a son of Uz, is continued in our days, and not without success, in the hyperborean regions watered by the affluents of the Baltic—the Niemen, the Wilia, and the Vistula. And what strange links are there between the dying words of Jacob and the last numbers of the *Maggid* or of the *Carmel*? Examine the titles of that comparatively so poor collection of books in one of the wilds of Sarmatia, and you will know what Hebrew literary history means. Skip over all that period of Jewish national existence which, in literature, begins with Moses and ends with Josephus, or, as his mediæval Hebrew compiler calls him, Josipon. There is, first, the Mishna, the product of the time of the Antonines, and brought to conclusion in Galilee; there is the Talmud of Jerusalem and the more voluminous one of Babylonia; there are the works—theological, philosophical, poetical, grammatical, or critical—of Isaac of Fez, Maimonides of Egypt, Kalir of Italy, Hallevi and Ebn-Ezra of Spain, Don Abarbanel of Portugal, Kimhi and Gersonides of Provence, Rashi of northern France, Ben-Israel of Holland, Asher and Eibenschütz of Germany, Eiger of Posen, and Elias of Lithuania, with numberless others, some printed in Venice, others in Fürth, others in Amsterdam, and again others, of more modern date, in Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Lemberg, or Wilna. All these form one literature, and each will be more or less known by every Hebrew scholar of Tunis as well as of Altona, of Saloniki as well as of Cracow.

If your young expounder has had the good fortune to be instructed by a teacher of more general Hebrew culture than the mass of Polish pedagogues of his persuasion, he will introduce you to a department of Hebrew literature less universally accepted, excluded as almost heretical by some, and the more warmly cherished and cultivated by others. He may show you the Hebrew commentaries of the philosopher Mendelssohn ("the man of Dessau"); the epic and lyric poems of his friend Wessely, rivalling in fervor of sentiment and purity of diction the immortal songs of Hallevi; the dramatic masterpiece of the eldest Luzzato; the songs of the two younger; Tropolowitz's tragedy, "Saul"; Bloch's descriptive geography; Rappoport's biographies; Reggio's letters; the translations of Letteris; the works of Eichbaum, Slonimski, Mappu. This collection covers little more than one century, but it again takes you over the vast extent of the European continent, from Amsterdam to Odessa.

The works of the last-named Hebrew writer your bashful friend will designate and define with some hesitation. They are romances, the first in the Hebrew language. We have one of them before us, published a few years ago (Wilna, *Anno Mundi* 5613), and entitled "Ahabath Zion" (The Love of Zion). It is a historical novel, the scene of which is Jerusalem and its environs, in the reign of King Hezekiah, before and during the invasion of Sennacherib. The plot is rather too complicated at the beginning, and too much saturated with love, jealousy, and patriotism; but as a picture

of ancient Hebrew life, as developed in the brilliant biblical pages of the period of Isaiah and his contemporaries, and as a lyrico-dramatic narrative in a style as pure, fluent, rich, and fresh as any Hebrew poetical prose of modern times, it is no mean contribution to the prose fiction department of that literature, and regarded, with no less delight than pride, as one of its gems by the compatriots of the author, a resident of the Lithuanian town of Kowno.

Thus the glowing language in which Moses and Joshua addressed the tribes of Israel gathered around Sinai and Nebo; in which elegies were sung along the streams of Babylon; in which Haï vied with the philosophizing bards of the caliphs, Harizi and Immanuel imitated Hariri and Dante, and Bidrashi's diction eclipsed the most spirited songs of Provence; in which the disciples and followers of Maimonides, from Ben-Tibbon, the Aristotelian, to Maimun, the Kantian philosopher, expounded the various metaphysical systems of so many ages; in which the glowing cantos of Wessely rivalled those of Klopstock,—is now being adapted to new literary wants, and enters into competition with the rich tongues refined by the efforts of a Mickiewicz, a Pushkin, and a Gogol.

ENGLAND.—HOUSE OF COMMONS.—REFORM.—DR. WHEWELL.

LONDON, March 10, 1866.

THE day after to-morrow we shall know the great secret of reform. Never within my recollection has a political secret been kept so carefully. Up to the time at which I write, nobody out of the Cabinet knows positively whether the Government intend to propose a six-pound rental or rating franchise, to alter or leave unaltered the existing distribution of seats, or to recommend a lodger's franchise. But I am afraid the explanation of this secrecy is a very simple one. There is only one infallible recipe for securing the non-discovery of a secret, and that is that the propounder of the problem should not be aware of its solution. *Œdipus*, after all, would never have guessed the Sphinx's riddle if the Sphinx had had no conception of what the answer was herself. Now this is the explanation of the Ministry having concealed their intentions so effectually. They have not revealed them to the world for the best of all reasons, namely, that they did not know them themselves. Meanwhile the public await the explanation of the ministerial proposal with the most provoking patience. Possibly, when the bill is actually brought out and the discussion has commenced, the country may grow excited about the matter; but for the present everybody seems to have come to the conclusion that either the Government will not propose any material change in our representative system, or that, if they do, it will not be carried into effect; and, somehow or other, this conviction appears to excite no great amount of public excitement. I may be wrong—I hope I am wrong—but in the face of what I see and hear on every side, I find it impossible to believe we are on the eve of a crisis in our political history. However, a few hours will show. On Thursday last there was a very numerous meeting of the Conservatives at the house of Lord Salisbury, at which it was agreed not to oppose the introduction or the first reading of the reform bill. The first fight, therefore, will take place on the second reading; that is, in all likelihood, not till after the Easter holidays, which commence on Friday week.

So far the new Parliament has not given much indication of any great improvement over its predecessor. It is apparently as turbulent and as much influenced by private considerations. The other night we had the greatest House we have seen this session. The subject under discussion was whether a bill permitting the city of London to remove the civic gas-works to a distance should be allowed to pass its second reading. What the real merits of the question were, I suppose not a score of members could have told in order to save their lives. But, on the one hand, the corporation of London was interested in the success of the measure; and, on the other, the London gas companies considered that their monopoly was endangered by its passage. So both bodies had put every influence into play to secure parliamentary support for their views; and the result was the assemblage of a House of unusual size prepared to vote, but not prepared to listen. The speakers on either side of the question could not obtain a hearing, and all discussion was drowned amidst cries of "divide." In the end, as the corporation of the city happens to be a more united and powerful body than the gas companies, the bill was carried. Mr. Roebuck, who has a sort of license for saying what nobody else would be allowed to utter, told the House frankly that the benches on both sides were packed, and was cheered for the declaration. But notwithstanding these cheers, the division list remained unaltered.

Very few, if any, of the new members have as yet produced much im-

pression within the House. Mr. Mill, indeed, is the only one who has taken any active part in the debates, and his success is of a problematical character. His personal appearance is undoubtedly against him; he is not a man of commanding presence, and the House of Commons, like Queen Elizabeth, has a marvellous fondness for "proper men." Then, too, his voice is feeble, and his manner is too much like that of a schoolmaster addressing his pupils. However, he is a constant attendant at the debates, takes a great interest in the discussions, and will make a useful, though, I suspect, not a brilliant, addition to the legislature. Altogether, my own belief is that very little active work is to be expected from the present Parliament. It is nothing more than a reproduction of the old one, and represents the Palmerstonian régime under which it was elected. Its one hopeful characteristic is the increase amongst its component parts of the advanced liberal element. But though, for well-nigh the first time in our parliamentary history, we have a distinct and influential radical party, yet that party is still too small to produce any great effect in the actual work of legislation.

The chief social event of the week, whose attention, though in a feeble and unsatisfactory manner, has been well-nigh monopolized by the impending reform bill, is the death of Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Neither science nor philosophy nor literature will sustain any great loss by the death of the great Cambridge celebrity; but yet, in his own way, he was a representative man. In Mr. Bristed's recollections of an English university, he describes, if I remember rightly, his astonishment that the authorities of Trinity College should have thought it worth while to write to the American Minister of the day, in order to inform him that his young countryman had obtained a scholarship at Trinity. Yet to an Englishman of the academic class this circumstance appears perfectly natural. The great universities of Oxford and Cambridge are part and parcel of our national life to an extent it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate. And thus the Master of Trinity, the greatest of our colleges, is really a personage outside the bounds of the university. Moreover, Whewell was a man who would have made his mark anywhere in the world. Born the son of a blacksmith, and reared, so tradition said, at a north country forge, he early evinced considerable mathematical talent, and was sent up to Cambridge as a sizar—that is, a poor scholar supported by a college allowance. He rose to be first scholar, then fellow, then lecturer, then tutor, and finally Master of the college. A man of indomitable energy and immense power of application, he continued his self-education, unlike the majority of college celebrities, long after the academic stimulus for exertion had ceased to operate, and became in consequence one of the most wide-read of English men of letters. There were very few subjects of science or learning about which he did not know a good deal, more, perhaps, that he really had mastered thoroughly. At any rate, he has left no work which can be considered a standard authority on the subject-matter of which it treats; and scientific men are disposed to pay small heed to his pretensions to be listened to as an expert. But with all that he was by far the best informed and most thoughtful man in the university wherein his life was spent. A conservative in politics, a staunch upholder of commonplace orthodoxy in religious matters, he was still, in intellectual matters, eminently liberal. Indeed, he had such a love of contradiction, that he could hardly be other than liberal in a community whose whole interests are eminently conservative. Throughout the whole of the American war he was a staunch advocate of the North, chiefly, I think, because it was the fashion in the halls and common rooms of Cambridge to profess a sentimental sympathy for the South. I have been told that once, not very long ago, when one of the younger fellows of his college gave utterance in his presence to some views of this kind, the Master interrupted him, saying: "Sir, you are a very young man, and, what is worse, you are a very silly young man." And this sort of Johnsonian brutality of speech was one of his characteristics. He was bitterly unpopular with the members of his own college during the first years of his mastership; but gradually they learned that his bark was worse than his bite. Besides, whatever else his failings were, he was perfectly loyal in his affection for the grand college over which he presided; and all old Trinity men like myself must bear a kindly feeling towards him on this account. He was anxious—so gossip said—to be made a bishop; but no consideration of this kind could influence him in his assertion of what he held to be the rights of his college. Trinity is a royal foundation; the mastership is in the gift of the Crown; and the house where the master resides is, according to the common opinion, a royal possession. Against this view Dr. Whewell set himself most sturdily. He insisted on every possible occasion that the Lodge—as the master's house is called—belonged to the college, not to the Crown. When the Queen paid a visit to Cambridge in company with Prince Albert, some years ago, Whewell is reported to have given great

offence at court by saying that the college was proud to receive her Majesty in their lodge, laying an accent upon the *their*. In the same way, he waged perpetual warfare against the judges during the assize week. It has been the custom from time immemorial for the judges, while stopping at Cambridge, to take up their abode at the Lodge. The master had no objection to the time-honored custom; but he insisted that the judges must come as his invited guests, not as the representatives of the Crown; and as they refused to make this concession, he pursued them with an almost sublime tenacity of purpose. When they arrived he would leave the house, lock up the cupboards, remove the servants—do everything to make their sojourn impossible. He was threatened with injunctions in Chancery, with all sorts of mysterious law proceedings; he knew by his course of action he was throwing away all prospect of preferment; but still he persevered. He was Master of Trinity, and he could recognize no higher duty than that he owed to his college. When he wrote his well-known essay to prove that there was no ground for the popular belief in a plurality of worlds, it was said that he wanted to demonstrate mathematically that not only was he the master of the greatest college in the known world, but that there could not possibly be any world within the universe wherein there was a yet greater college than his own. He had an iron constitution, was a hale, vigorous man of seventy, and might probably have remained master for a score of years longer if he had not been thrown from his horse the other day while out riding. He never recovered from the shock, and died after a few days' illness.

In home matters we have had an incident eminently typical of English character. Lord Brownlow is lord of the manor of a common in Hertfordshire, and claims, whether rightly or not, that he has legal power to enclose it. So he surrounded it with handsome iron palings and turned it into an enclosure. The neighborhood was indignant, and their indignation found a champion in the person of Mr. Augustus Smith, who is proprietor of the Scilly Islands and was lately member for Truro. This gentleman engaged the services of three hundred navvies, chartered a special train from Euston Square, took his gang down at midnight without breathing a word to anybody, and set them to pull down all Lord Brownlow's railings, which they did accordingly. If anybody not a land-owner had committed this outrage on law, he would have been in an awkward scrape; as it is, public sympathy with Mr. Smith, as an aristocratic asserter of popular rights, is so strong that no Hertfordshire jury would find him guilty. We are always declaiming against lynch law, but we can overlook it when its action tallies with our popular sentiments.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, March 2, 1866.

We are getting through Lent very merrily. For some years past the rigors of this period of traditional penitentialities have been progressively softened. With a few more modifications in the same direction, we may possibly find that we have softened them away altogether. Some of the numerous dinners that have "created a sensation" during the past week have undoubtedly ignored the prescriptions of the Roman ritual; others, according to the eulogium passed upon them by a noted gastronome who piques himself upon the exactness of his deportment in matters ecclesiastical, "have happily conciliated the religious duties of the season with the requirements of the most fastidiously delicate palate." The theatres are crowded, "*Héloïse Paranequet*," the anonymous drama so confidently attributed to the younger Dumas, being still the grand success of the season. Private theatricals, so immensely in vogue during the two preceding winters, are quite out of favor this year, their place being taken by concerts, usually of amateurs, but occasionally given with the aid of the favorite professional artists of the hour. Among the amateur singers most in vogue just now are two American ladies, Mrs. Moulton and Mrs. Ronalds, both of whom, being equally clever as skaters and as singers, are in high favor at the Tuileries. Among the "professionals" Patti, Thérèse, Miolan Carvalho, and the new singer Mlle. Mella, are the leading favorites; the latter possessing a magnificent tenor voice, that ought, according to all precedent, to be found only in conjunction with a masculine chest, offering an enigma that is just now exciting the curiosity of the gay world of Paris to its highest pitch. Is the new tenor really a woman, or is she a man in disguise? Her face, hands, and feet are altogether feminine; but many youths of the other sex present, at the age of the new tenor, an appearance as feminine; and, moreover, the musical puzzle, as though designing to irritate still further the curiosity of an enquiring public, persists in making her appearance only in "high-necked" and long-sleeved dresses, that effectually defy the scrutiny to which she is subjected. Look at her, without hearing her, and you would

vow she is a woman; hear her, without seeing her, and you would swear she is a man.

But busy as is the fashionable world with dinners, theatres, and concerts, it is assiduous in its church-going. Father Hyacinth's success as Advent-preacher at Notre Dame is being rivalled pretty closely by that of Father Felix, who is preaching the Lenten sermons in that fine old fane, to which the fashionable world is flocking, in elegant toilettes and with missals bound in the most *recherché* styles. The charming young couple, Prince and Princess Hohenzollern—the latter a sister of the King of Portugal—who have just terminated their long visit at the Tuileries, where they are greatly admired and beloved, have been very constant in their attendance at the chapel of the Tuileries, where the Abbé Duguerry is delivering a course of six sermons on the Lord's Prayer, which appear to be giving great satisfaction to his illustrious auditors. The prince is good-looking, amiable, accomplished, and highly educated; the princess, without being a beauty, has a sweet and pleasing face and a fine figure. She is, like all the children of the regretted Queen Maria de Gloria, full of learning and accomplishments. Her manners, graceful, easy, and dignified, are particularly admired; as a fashionable critic lately remarked of her, "The princess is a most accomplished specimen of a royal lady; her fine and dignified deportment seems to be a part of herself, so that it is always the same, and as thoroughly *comme il faut* at mass as in the ball-room." Who but a Frenchman could ever have reached the heights and depths of such an encomium?

The absorbing interests of the toilette are cared for in conjunction with the sackcloth and ashes of this very easy-going Lent with quite as much devotion as during the carnival. The fashionable dressmakers are at work night and day, and the two or three "tip-top" capillary artists are busy from nine in the morning till eleven at night, charging fabulous prices for the half hour they give to each client, and increasing their charges in proportion to the lateness of the hour, their less wealthy customers being obliged to submit to having their heads beautified in the morning, after which operation they are doomed to sit perfectly still for the rest of the day for fear of deranging the wonderful structure built upon them, and the most favored ones being the last to receive the visits of the autocratic artist, and thus being enabled to pass directly from under his hands to the scene of their triumphs, every hair, flower, or ribbon in perfect order.

A curious reaction has commenced here in the side of Paris life which has been so successfully working itself of late years into recognition by the other. While the ladies of the higher walks of society here have been copying the costumes and manners of the *lionsnes* of the *demi-monde*, the latter have come to a sudden determination to adopt the severe proprieties of dress and demeanor which were formerly the characteristic of the sphere from which they were excluded; and thus, while a good deal of free and easy "fastness," in dress and in conversation, scandalized people of "the old school" at the last magnificent balls of the defunct carnival, the concluding entertainments given by the queens of the other world were marked by a sobriety of dress and deportment worthy of the most strait-laced circles of "the aristocratic faubourg!" Will the fine ladies of fashionable life follow the lead of their unrecognized sisters in this new phase of their rivalry?

The present extravagance of dress is so ruinous, so fatiguing, and so wanting in that essential of good taste, propriety, that a return to simpler fashions is much to be desired. The great manufacturers of feminine vanities are partly to blame for the system of cumbersome display now in vogue, for they pay heavy sums to the leading dressmakers in order to secure their influence in keeping it up. But these gentry have just received a check in a quarter from which they little expected such a rebuff; for a deputation of the principal silk-weavers of Lyons having obtained, a few days ago, an audience of the Empress, in order to solicit her patronage for some broadened silks, imitations of those worn at court in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.—wonderfully rich and horribly costly—her Majesty replied, with one of her pleasant smiles, "I am sorry that I cannot accede to your request; but many of the ladies who visit us would find it impossible to provide themselves with dresses so costly. There are many husbands who really could not afford to pay such a price for their wives' dresses—my own among the number." On hearing which expression of opinion the deputation opened its eyes rather widely and withdrew, equally charmed with the Empress's manner and disappointed at her decision.

The French people, with all their sharpness, seem to be fully as *victimisable* as their neighbors, and we have lately seen half-a-dozen marriages contracted, or nearly so, with girls of honorable families by clever swindlers, native and foreign. The first of these was a handsome and fashionable-looking personage, who called himself the Baron de Saucy, and contrived to marry a young lady of good family, on whom he had succeeded in passing himself off as the lineal descendant of an old house that boasts of royal

alliances in past days. The baron, however, had no sooner got possession of his wife's fortune than he began to squander it shamefully; the remonstrances of his bride were met by brutal retorts, and one unlucky day, when the unhappy young baroness ventured on a representation rather stronger than usual, the baron went off into a fury, poured out a torrent of the most vulgar oaths, and, bringing a horsewhip into play upon the shoulders of the baroness, displayed so peculiar a talent in the use of that instrument that the latter immediately perceived that her husband could be no other than a circus-groom, as, indeed, was abundantly proved in the course of the investigations which followed this terrible discovery, when it was ascertained that the fascinating baron was one of the grooms of the circus in the Champs Elysées.

The hero of the second of these adventures called himself Prince Kalimachi, and allowed himself to be supposed to have arrived in Marseilles from Turkey, on a diplomatic mission. Struck with the charms of a young lady of Marseilles, the daughter of a rich merchant, the prince pressed his suit, and was accepted. Preparations for the wedding were made on a magnificent scale, and the town was ransacked to furnish a splendid *corbeille* for the bride. A day or two before the one fixed for the wedding, the lady's brother bethought him of enquiring after his future brother-in-law at the Turkish embassy in Paris, and learned that no Prince Kalimachi was known there. The marriage was postponed, and a few further enquiries led to the discovery that the prince, who had procured "upon tick" all the splendid things he had presented to the bride-elect, was a convict who had escaped from the hulks at Constantinople.

A third of the adroit rogues who have been occupying the attention of the police and the public, is an English pickpocket, named Hulme, who has actually succeeded in passing himself off as Prince Etienne-Louis-Charles de Crony-Chanel, marrying, under this title, borrowed from one of the noblest old houses of France, a young lady of good standing, and finding credulous tradesmen to give him credit for several months. But payment being at last required for the debts thus contracted, the truth was discovered; the sharper is in prison, but the unfortunate girl, according to French law, is none the less his legal wife.

The art-loving public has been much excited by the exhibition of the pictures composing the magnificent gallery of the late Count d'Espagnac, and containing a number of *chef-d'œuvres* of all the great masters, and which are passing, as I write, under the auctioneer's hammer.

Two lady "mediums" are in great vogue just now among the members of the Jockey Club, who are staking large sums on the horses which, according to these ladies, are destined to win.

STELLA.

Correspondence.

POLITICAL SITUATION FROM A COMMERCIAL STAND-POINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The importance of a fixed commercial policy for a young, enterprising community like ours cannot be overestimated; nor can it be denied that a good condition must be a natural one, as you have stated in your issue of this date. And it is not only true as you claim, "that prosperity which does not extend over long periods of time is not prosperity," but this prosperity, in order to be permanent, must not only result to one nation or community, but to all nations. Or, in other words, there can be no enduring peace and permanent well-being for one nation until the principle of justice is recognized by all.

It is not necessary that one form of government should be universal, or that all should profess the same religious belief. But it is necessary that the same principles of justice which dictate that we should do unto others as we would have that they should do unto us, shall be universally accepted as our rule of action not only in our social and political, but in our commercial relations.

It is in regard to our commercial arrangements that we have something to say, as it is in that field that we are most at home and can speak from experience.

We have first to insist that there can be no good excuse for continuing our suspension of specie payments, by which we render it quite impossible for any person to make reasonable calculations as to future results of commercial engagements.

It is clearly bad enough to take the consequences of the decline in the value or cost of gold, as determined by the labor required for its production. That, however, can be measured approximately, and goes on so slowly and regularly that not much harm will result, especially on short contracts.

But the mischief which comes from the absence of a standard which has a recognized and somewhat uniform relation to labor, like other commodities is incalculable, and ought never to have been permitted by our Government. Nor would it have been, but for the mistaken notion, born in the days of Andrew Jackson, that the Government must carry on its business with a currency different from and better than that of the people at large, whose transactions are of infinitely more consequence.

Not being able to see that it was not money in any form (much less specie) which was wanted to carry on our war, but men and their labor, the Secretary of the Treasury insisted upon a measure which not only violated every commercial contract then existing, except in California (where they would not be thus imposed upon), but has made nothing but confusion and perplexity ever since. It has increased our public debt, both general and local, at least fifty per cent., and reduced legitimate trade to mere gambling.

Now, as we have already said, we insist upon a return to the standard of measurement as the very first step to be taken by Congress. Reconstruction, important as it may be, is nothing in comparison with the necessity that a young, growing nation like ours should keep good faith with its creditors now and for ever. Let us show the capitalist that we are really in earnest and intend to pay all our obligations by a standard which he can rely upon, and our bonds will not only go to par but beyond that, and thus practically diminish the amount of our debt, besides supplying us at once with the money which has been invested in the war, so that we can go on with our enterprises which now languish for want of means. Let us do as any prudent individual or corporation would do under similar circumstances and then we shall be able to avail ourselves of the wonderful resources of which few even like Sir Morton Peto can measure the full extent. The question of resumption is not formidable when it is considered that it does not by any means involve the payment of specie. Suppose that Mr. McCulloch has authority to make a long loan to meet all his liabilities, immediate and prospective, for one, two, or three years, payable at the option of the holder, in London or New York, in specie funds from time to time as wanted. We will not determine the rate of interest, whether five or six, though we incline to five. Nor would we dictate as to date of payment of the principal, though we should advise by instalments, so as not to require a sinking fund.

Now, it is plain enough to any business man or banker, we hope, that the payments from the United States Treasury in this case need not be made in specie. The business of the world at large, which somewhat exceeds Mr. McCulloch's, is not carried on in that way. He has simply to draw upon his banker for *specie funds*, and he can ask his debtors for duties and taxes to pay him in the same funds, and *this is resumption*. But there are too many persons whose interests are opposed to resumption upon any terms, and that is the reason why Congress cannot move a single step in that direction. All who owe debts payable in currency are disinclined to accept the reduction in values which would inevitably follow resumption, for that reduction in many cases would be ruinous. We are, therefore, not to expect their consent, although it might involve not more than even ten per cent., unless we can make them some just equivalent. This can be done only by permitting them to pay their currency obligations in future with specie funds, at a premium precisely as if the payment were made now. Whether at 20, 30, or 40 per cent. is not so important as that some point shall be named, so that all old contracts due in currency shall be recognized as different from new ones in specie funds, and treated accordingly. To this the creditors will object, for they say that the debtors have contracted with their eyes open, and in view of the possibility of resumption, and consequent necessity for payment in specie funds instead of currency.

We reply, that the debtors are too numerous and influential to permit a resumption until their interests are regarded, and, therefore, while the creditors would rejoice to obtain 30 or 40 per cent. more than they could now, they will not be allowed to do it. The premium on gold may be less even than at present, so long as our bonds are in the market and sold abroad so as to supply exchange for sale here. But that cannot go on beyond a certain limit, and when that is reached we shall get the reaction, and gold will rise. Let us resume now, and then we can afford to have the bonds go abroad, as they will bring something like their true value. And we are to consider in this connection the consequences of the rapid and cheapened production of gold by newly discovered processes, which, unless we are greatly mistaken, will enable us to pay our debt when it falls due some years hence much easier than we can now. Whether this would be exactly in accordance with our theory that we should do as we would be done by, is a question we will not discuss, as our creditor has at least the benefit of our opinion that he will not be advantaged by the change which we predict, and can exercise his own judgment in the case.

But we should at least avoid the violation of contracts on the part of a great, wealthy nation like our own, and therefore we insist as at first upon resumption and the fulfilment of all our obligations in good faith. W.
Boston, March 15, 1866.

WEST POINTERS AND VOLUNTEERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

IN THE NATION for February 23d and March 8th have appeared two communications from a correspondent, under the signature of "West Pointer," in regard to the abuses and defects existing in the United States Military Academy. While the general fairness and truth of the articles cannot be successfully disputed, there is one position taken, essentially erroneous, but too widespread and too important to pass longer unquestioned. It occurs in reply to the charge that the exclusive spirit nurtured by West Point has gained control of the national military establishment.

The position is this. It was due to their own merit alone, and not at all to the force of circumstances, that all the higher offices of the army fell to the graduates of the Military Academy. Against them existed a bitter prejudice at the opening of the war. It was hoped and expected that the coming general, the great "military messiah," would spring from civil life, and in that hope and expectation commander after commander was tried. But such a one failing to show himself, the Government and nation were compelled to fall back upon the graduates of the Military Academy. West Point was a *pis aller*, reluctantly resorted to, and resorted to only because all other agencies failed.

This is honestly believed and frequently said by many intelligent men who have seen the list of generals appointed during the first year of the war and know the commands to which they were assigned. Yet the hasty examination of such a list would show that the position is not only absolutely false in point of fact, but wants even that decent probability required in works of fiction.

True, in the minds of some influential political leaders there was an intense dislike of West Point; but it was never general enough or powerful enough to prevent the confirmation of a single appointment. And even this feeling was directly due to the words and acts of the graduates of the Military Academy themselves. They failed to comprehend the political situation. The mighty changes which had been going on in the nation had, from its isolation, been almost unfelt by the army. Almost everywhere in it were still current the same ideas about the sacredness of slavery, the same cant about the evils of agitation, the same classification of secessionists and anti-slavery men as alike disunionists. Unconscious of the terrific sweep of the humanitarian questions of the times, they thought to stop their progress. But a movement which had annihilated parties, and had beaten down the prejudices and passions of seventy years, was not likely to be held back long by a few officers of the army. The majority of these soon lent a willing support to the new order of things; those who stood out obstinately were displaced. But the contest, though short, was long enough to embitter against the Military Academy many of that class from which naturally would have come its strongest supporters. Men who had fought for years the cause of a despised race against social persecution and political proscription, who thought finally to realize what they had so long hoped for, prayed for, struggled for, who saw at last with eyes of sight the gates of that Celestial City which they had so long seen with eyes of faith, could hardly be expected to feel amiably disposed toward this new and unlooked-for Apollyon they found in their path. They could hardly be expected to rejoice when, in the East, the Hutchinsons were turned out of the camps for singing anti-slavery songs, and in the West Halleck issued General Order No. 3:—It was not strange, though of course to be regretted, that they should speak of "damned West Pointers." Something must be pardoned to human nature.

Yet, in spite of this feeling, with the exception of a few men who gained positions through political influence, the highest offices of the army were originally filled by graduates of the Military Academy. Volunteer regiments clamored for commanders from West Point; volunteer officers preferred to be under them. It was a natural and a just feeling. As an educated military class, they knew the theory of war, if not its practice, and of both theory and practice the rest of the country was totally ignorant. But two or three years of war was sufficient to change all this. The school of active service gave to many of the volunteers a military education with which no professional school could compete. From raw beginners they became masters, comparatively speaking, of the particular branch to which they belonged. It was not pleasant for such men to have their claims ignored, as they often were ignored, in favor of others whose chief recommendation was

graduation at West Point. No person who had opportunities for observation can deny that there was a systematic promotion without regard to ability or previous service of the regular officers over the volunteers whenever the two came into competition. It was perhaps honestly done in most cases. Those who recommended the promotion were, doubtless, often unconscious of being influenced by any prejudice; for where men are indisposed to recognize merit outside of certain boundaries it is hard for them to find it. Many of the regular officers did not believe that a general from civil life could be a capable one; some of them were determined that he should not be a successful one. As the educated military class they had, moreover, the ear of the nation, and filled it with their own unfaith. They thus placed a barrier of public opinion and professional prejudice around the higher offices of the army which a volunteer could rarely break through. True it is the great "military messiah" came not from civil life, nor, indeed, from military; hardly even his forerunner. But it is not impertinent to ask, Would he, unlike his divine prototype, have been suffered to be the messiah of the nation he came to save? Would not our modern military Pharisees have doubted him, would they not have rejected him, would they not have crucified him also? Would they have believed that any good could come out of their Nazareth?

"I had supposed, gentlemen," said a major-general of the Army of the James, addressing a group of volunteer officers, and intending to be complimentary,— "I had supposed that no man was fit to be an officer who had not been educated at West Point; but you have gone far to convince me of the contrary." This was a general feeling among the graduates of the Military Academy, though few were silly enough to state it so openly. And the influence of this feeling spread throughout the country so as to cause a systematic injustice in the treatment of volunteer officers, directly by the War Department and indirectly by the people. They were condemned not on the ground that they had proved themselves incompetent, nor that, being civilians, they must be incompetent. The few men who obtained commands in the early part of the war through political influence were in no fair sense representatives of the volunteer service; but they had constantly to encounter much of that spirit which did not wish them to succeed, which refused to co-operate zealously if it abstained from secret endeavors to defeat. This hidden hostility, which would have tried, if it would not have thwarted, the genius of Caesar or Napoleon, naturally helped materially to break down men who were a long way from being Caesars or Napoleons. Their failure, if it did not condemn entirely those who afterwards fought their way to positions, was the pretext for excluding them from the highest.

There was no such feeling in regard to the graduates of the Military Academy. If one proved incompetent, his place was immediately taken by another. The nation judged fairly on such matters, and ascribed the failure to the man, not to his education. No one laid the blame upon West Point because Halleck not only besieged Corinth in the most scientific manner after Beauregard had abandoned it, but also violated the plainest elements of military science in making that place, comparatively unimportant, the objective point of a campaign. When Weitzel, a West Pointer, said that Fort Fisher could not be taken, and Terry, a volunteer, went and took it, nobody asserted that the failure of the former was due to his military education, or the success of the latter to his lack of it. But had the position been reversed, how should we have been deluged by the inevitable twaddle about war being a science which must be learned like any other science! For men talked and wrote as if it were not in the power of the Almighty to create a general outside of the graduates of West Point. And while the slightest errors of judgment, the pettiest reverses in petty skirmishes, were treasured up against volunteer commanders, whole army corps were led to useless slaughter, without remonstrance and without reproof, by regular officers, whose brains, to use Randolph's comparison, were like the land about the headwaters of the Monongahela—poor by nature, and rendered still poorer by cultivation.

Among the volunteer officers there was not and is not any jealousy of the Military Academy. None care to deny its merits, or failed to regret in their own case the loss of the advantage furnished by its course of instruction. To its representatives will naturally, in any future war, the highest places be at first accorded. But education, though it can develop ability, can never supply the place of it; it may make a soldier, but it cannot make a general. The graduate of a military school has no right to boast or to claim promotion on that ground over the graduate of twenty battles. When the thunderous flails of war thresh out the pure grains of soldiery from the chaff, let us welcome the result fully and fairly; let the highest places of the army be open, without prejudice and without favor, to every man whom the verdict of the battle-field shows has ability to fill them, whether he be West Pointer or civilian, regular or

VOLUNTEER.

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I cannot think that the critic who, in your last number, reviewed Dean Alford's book on the English language can have read very carefully the work he was reviewing; and I am sure he cannot have seen the very racy critique of it entitled "The Dean's English," written by Mr. G. W. Moon, or he would not have spoken of it "in terms of the highest praise." The book is written, as Mr. Moon has shown, in a very careless and slipshod style, and is an excellent specimen, so far as the Dean's own writing is concerned, of how *not* to write the Queen's English. It is true that, in consequence of Mr. Moon's vigorous attack, the author, in his new edition, has either altered or suppressed no less than twenty-eight passages; but even this revision leaves his book very far from being a model of a good English style. In one of the Dean's sentences, as it originally stood, the pronoun *it* is separated from the noun to which it refers by no less than six-and-twenty other nouns. In another there is such a confusion between *these*, *they*, *their*, and *them* that his pitiless critic calculates, by the law of permutations, that the sentence can be read in 10,240 ways. Then the Dean is continually constructing sentences after the following fashion: "I remember when the French band of the Guides was in this country, reading in the *Illustrated News*"—as though the perusal of that entertaining paper had been the occupation of the band while in England. In short, Mr. Moon, who is himself the master of a very correct and idiomatic style, shows conclusively that instead of undertaking to mend his neighbors' English, it behooves our church dignitary first to go to school to learn to mend his own.

I am far from saying that the Dean's book is entirely destitute of good things, though—not to speak of the folly and bad taste of the allusion to America on which your reviewer so justly comments—some of his philological criticisms are very silly. If the book could only be circulated with the accompaniment of his unsparing critic's commentary, it would make a very excellent study; but I am sorry to see it endorsed by a good authority, and the more so as, in consequence, probably, of a declining sale in England, copies have lately been imported into this country in considerable numbers.

CAMBRIDGE.

[We spoke of the book as "simply an attempt to correct the vulgarisms, provincialisms, solecisms, and inaccuracies of all sorts current in the speech of everyday life." It is as such that we pronounced it praiseworthy. To its style we made only one allusion, the irony of which we had hoped was perceptible. As a guide in English composition, we did not think it worth notice, and we accordingly confined ourselves to illustrating the condition of the Dean's mind by the aid of his mention of the connection between our morals and our language. It is always tolerably easy to do with a first effort of this kind what Mr. Moon has done with the "Dean's English." A good deal of fun might be made out of one other work on the English language, the value and ability and learning of which nobody will dispute, but which we will not name, by subjecting it to the Moon process. We certainly should not pity the Dean, however, if he had been even more severely handled than he has been; but we think he has done good service by throwing into a popular shape a great number of very valuable hints on slovenly speaking and writing. We trust better qualified men will follow up the work. We need some such book as he has written even more here than in England, as, for the reason, among others, assigned in our review, less attention is paid among us to correctness in speaking, even by educated people. We may add that we know of no one better qualified for the production of such a book than our correspondent "A." himself.—ED. NATION.]

THE APOLOGY FOR LEONTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

When a certain Templar saw a new play, entitled "Twelfth Night," he observed in his diary that the jest was a very good one about the steward *Malvolio* making love to his lady-widow. Collier in later times, sagaciously explained this, on the supposition that *Olivia's* mourning-dress for her brother had been mistaken for a widow's weeds. This wonderful guess was rejected by White, who suggested that the play, as we have it, might be a recast, and that originally both *Malvolio* and *Sir Andrew* might have hoped for success with a young widow with much less impeachment of their discretion. But neither commentator observed the one word which Shake-

speare forgot to alter, and which clearly proves the case—namely, *Olivia's* remark that she would not have *Malvolio* miscarry for half her dowry. Shakespeare never mistakes in his real-estate law, and this circumstance of her having been *really* a young widow, possessing a great life estate, but a life estate only, makes the truth of *Maria's* assertion that she had a liking for *Malvolio* very probable. For her steward was evidently a gentleman of reputation and good breeding, and very probably to marry him was the wisest thing she could do, in case she doubted the permanency of the duke's affection. Why Shakespeare made the alteration is very plain. For if she were represented as "expers tori," then her passion for the young and beautiful page would have a tint of degradation; but as it is, this frank and wilful first love of hers, as free from baseness as from consideration, is as innocent as a child's eagerness for a new doll, and we are simply glad of *Sebastian's* good luck.

Now, the bearing of this circumstance on the "Winter's Tale" is, that it proves Shakespeare to have occasionally altered his dramas, not merely in subordinate circumstances of plot or language, but in absolutely fundamental matters, and that, accordingly, we must sometimes look for the explanation of things in mere hints and allusions. Moreover, when a play was popular, he may have thought fit, in the player's interest, to add jest or pathos, and to make room therefor by striking out narration of important circumstances, confident that the audience, already familiar with the play, would recollect the facts, although untold; or may have left them for the prologue to state.

Coleridge very truly observes, that while *Othello* is not of a jealous disposition, on the other hand *Leontes* is—a propensity toward vindictive jealousy of those who should be most dear to him is the vice of his nature. But we all have weak points; the peculiarity is, that, except for a minute, neither does his reason nor conscience seem to make any resistance. For no reason appearing, except a few most petty familiarities of gesture in public, he sets about assassinating his dearest friend, and murdering his wife and child, and is unmoved by either reason or entreaty. Doubtless he repents when he discovers himself in the wrong, and after many years his wife forgives him. But the point is, that as matters stand, he is not forgivable; he should either have been hung or put in a lunatic asylum. Under these circumstances, for either *Hermione* or *Polixenes* to have loved or trusted him again, he must have had some *apology* which does not appear on the surface of the story.

The belief in dreams has not altogether perished even yet, and in Shakespeare's times was of more force than now. Antiquarians may enlarge on the prevalence of the trust therein; but it is to us unnecessary, for Shakespeare has pictured so wise and grave a counsellor as *Antigonus* deliberately making up his mind that *Hermione* is guilty, simply on the evidence of a singular dream that happens to himself. But as the fact of *Leontes* having dreamed of his wife's unfaithfulness would simply depend on his own evidence, he, of course, could not mention it publicly, neither could *Hermione* dare to admit the fact, so that in such case all we could expect would be oblique allusion.

"My life stands in the level of [is aimed at by] your dreams."

"Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it;"

while the matter would naturally be utterly unknown at the time to *Polixenes* as well as to *Camillo*.

If we then accept as the clue of the difficulty the supposition that, long before, *Leontes* had dreamed that his wife was unfaithful with *Polixenes*, had for the jest's sake told her of it, and then had straightway forgotten the circumstance till recalled to his remembrance at an unfortunate time, we may find both an explanation and an excuse therein. For he by no means submits to his own vice of nature at first, but makes desperate struggle until the forgotten circumstance is recalled:

"Affection! thine intention stabs the centre:
[That is, emotion, thy aim exactly hits the mark]
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission [after the deed], and I find it."

If we suppose these words to refer to a dream, they are most intelligible; otherwise they are simply meaningless; and *Leontes* is a man of too clear and vivid intellect to use incoherent and meaningless language, even in that instant. Besides, after this utterance, there is in him no further doubt. So cool and considerate is he that, on *Camillo's* suggestion, he resolves to pretend ignorance for the sake of his son; but his belief not even the oracle shakes, and nothing checks him except his son's death. Even this circumstance would seem to be connected with some untold matter, unless indeed

we suppose him cool and clear-minded enough to connect it with the threat that he should live without an heir.

It may be remarked, on the other side, that he would have mentioned the circumstance of the dream to *Camillo*. To which it may be replied that obviously *Leontes* would not expect that circumstance alone to be admitted for sufficient proof, because he had not admitted it for such himself. When he was wavering between reason and affection on the one hand, and the vice of his nature on the other, the recollection had decided him; but he could not expect that it would decide another.

It is to be observed that in this play there are other marks of alteration. Thus *Paulina* avers her husband to be lost, when she had no apparent reason as yet for so supposing. I have often suspected that it was at first intended that the third scene in the third act should precede the second; in which case the audience at least would know *Antigonus's* fate, although *Paulina* did not. So *Autolycus* has all the marks of an afterthought. He contributes nothing to the action, for any bumpkin's clothes would do as well as his; and it was an obvious matter for *Florizel* (and *Camillo*) to save his mistress's father and brother from *Polixenes's* vengeance; so that he is merely a delightful accident. Indeed, it would seem as if two plays were originally intended; and they were afterward condensed into one, somewhat incoherently.

Waiving, however, these questions, the supposition is proposed, that originally Shakespeare had, perhaps in a dialogue of some length, expounded the circumstance of *Leontes's* dream; that afterward the play grew under his hand; and that, in order to have room to develop the delightful pastoral of the latter scenes, he afterward struck out the statement—perhaps relating it by the prologue, perhaps trusting to its being sufficiently intimated by the tone and bearing of the actors in delivering the quoted passages; perhaps (if the play had been performed in its first shape) considering that the audience would know the fact, although untold.

S. T.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. HURD & Houghton have in preparation two books which, if well done, will be valuable contributions to the ever-increasing library of Shakespeareans.—“The Authorship of Shakespeare,” by Nathaniel Holmes, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and “Shakespeare's Delineation of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide,” by Dr. O. A. Kellogg, assistant physician of the Utica Insane Asylum. The writer of the first adopts what may be called the Baconian theory of the Shakespeare problem—a theory which derives its name not so much from the great lord chancellor of venal memory, which not even Mr. Hepworth Dixon can wash white, as from the poor lady in whose overwrought brain it was engendered, and who found a kind friend and a tender biographer in the late Nathaniel Hawthorne. Judge Holmes is a believer in Miss Delia Bacon, who was a believer in Lord Bacon, to the extent that it was *he* and not William Shakespeare who wrote Shakespeare's plays. The notion has not even the merit of ingenuity, since it cannot be maintained but by violating all the laws which have hitherto obtained in regard to the value of contemporary testimony. If Shakespeare was the dunce that such a notion would make him, or worse, such a convenient but dishonest man of straw, could it have escaped the penetration of Ben Jonson, who knew him well, and who had a habit of speaking his mind rather freely? Jonson's magnificent poem to his memory, in the first folio, ought to settle the question as to Shakespeare's ability to write the plays which bear his name, and does settle it, we venture to think, with all thoughtful readers of the great poet. Believing, as we do, that the Baconian theory has not a leg to stand upon, we are curious to see what arguments will be used towards its support in Judge Holmes's volume. Dr. Kellogg has a different object in view, as his title indicates, and one with which we can sympathize, since it can hardly fail to add to our knowledge of Shakespeare's knowledge. As Lord Campbell almost proved him a lawyer, on account of his familiarity with legal phrases and usages, Dr. Kellogg will, we suppose, almost prove him a physician, on account of his familiarity with the pathology of disease in general and insanity in particular.

—Dr. T. W. Parsons, of Boston, a Dante scholar of years' standing, has lately finished a translation of the “Inferno.” Twenty years ago he published a version of the first seventeen cantos, to which he prefixed an ode, “To a Bust of Dante;” but the volume which contains it has long been out of print. He reprinted a limited edition of it last spring in time for the Dante festival at Florence, where a copy of it figured among the few English

renderings there present. Dr. Parsons's version of the “Inferno” may be looked for some time during the present year.

—A small collection of not very rare autographs was sold last week by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., at the close of a three days' sale of miscellaneous books. Among them was a six-page manuscript of Garrick, the original draft of a letter to James Lacy, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, which realized \$4 50, and a two-page letter by the same writer, which brought \$6 50; a signature of Washington to a note dated “Headquarters, Middlebrook, Feb. 12th, 1779,” went for \$11; a signature of John Hancock, \$5 50; a letter of General Gates, \$3; an original sermon of Cotton Mather, \$2 50; two autograph songs of L. E. L., \$2 50 each; and a mysterious manuscript of Shelley, \$10. The latter, apparently a letter of political abuse, bore the signature of “Philobanleus.” Altogether, the prices were lower than the English market rates for such literary curiosities.

—A lot of theatrical portraits will be sold by Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co. on the evening of March 30th—a recent importation from the stock of the late Mr. Evans, of London, a well-known print-seller; they are in fine condition, and will undoubtedly bring good prices, portraits of all kinds growing scarcer and dearer here every year. Few actors or actresses of note, from the days of Garrick downward, are omitted from the collection, which contains, among other desirable lots, an original drawing of John Kemble by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, of this city, has lately received from London a special importation of Gilchrist's “Life of William Blake,” copies of which he offers at a moderate price. Glancing over the illustrations of this curious book, which are drawn in fac-simile, by W. J. Linton, from Blake's works, with a number printed from Blake's own plates, one is not at a loss to know why his contemporaries christened him “The Mad Painter,” nor why he lived and died in poverty and neglect. He had the elements of a great artist in him, but his art was incomplete and partly irrational. He was at war with all the art of his time—with the polish and high breeding of Reynolds, which was effeminacy in his eyes; with the melodramatic power of Fuseli; even with the simplicity and sweetness of Stothard, who was his friend when they were both young, and for whom after they had parted company he still had a remnant of his old liking. The cause of the estrangement between Blake and Stothard was Chaucer's “Canterbury Pilgrims,” which had suggested itself, or was suggested, as the subject of a design to each about the same time, and which both drew, each in his own fashion. Stothard's composition is well known, but Blake's, a reduced outline of which faces the title-page of Mr. Gilchrist's second volume, is very scarce, partly because it was published by Blake himself fifty-six years ago—or attempted to be published, for it never sold—and partly because there was no earthly chance of its holding its own against its more beautiful and very popular rival. It is an odd, not to say a mad, performance, with its long procession of figures setting forth on their pilgrimage from the gateway of the Tabard Inn, into a grim, hilly country, under a dreary, barren sky, into which rises the smoke of thatched cottages, and wherein dark birds are hovering; yet it impresses the imagination strangely, revealing an older world than we live in now, and suggesting “a day that is dead.” Many of the portraits, as the Miller's, the Ploughman's, the Shipman's, and especially the Host's and the Wife of Bath's, are admirable interpretations of the text of the poet. Strange, however, as this rare print is, it is conventional compared to the majority of Blake's designs, notably so beside his illustrations of the “Songs of Innocence” and “Songs of Experience,” the fruits of his thirty-second and thirty-seventh years, and his illustrations to “The Book of Job,” published by him in his seventy-eighth year. The former, though odd in the extreme, possess an undefinable simplicity and tenderness, a feeling of flowers and vines and young children; the latter are full of power and terror. The most memorable of the series are perhaps the dreams and visions which afflict Job in his sleep, and the figure of the Behemoth standing in massive greatness on the shore of the primitive world. Never was artist more informed with the ancient Hebraic element than Blake, concerning whose designs Flaxman and Fuseli declared that the time would come when they would be as much sought after and treasured up as those of Michael Angelo, and whose poetry, when intelligible, is almost unique in its simple beauty. “There is something in the madness of this man, Wordsworth said, on one occasion, “which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott.” Will not some of our publishers give us, if not a reprint of Blake's works, which, perhaps, is not practicable, least the best of his poems and the substance of Mr. Gilchrist's interesting but rather ill-written biography?

Besides this work, Mr. Bouton has a number of copies of “The History

of Block-Printing and the Early History of Engraving before Dürer," an important bibliographical work, recently published in England by Mr. T. O. Weigel, of Leipzig. It is in two folio volumes, which are illustrated with one hundred and forty-five fac-similes of block-prints and engravings, and various wood-cuts in the text. The edition, which consisted of only three hundred and twenty-five copies, is nearly exhausted.

—Mr. H. G. Bohn has just published "Seymour's Humorous Sketches." Who Seymour was, no reader of the late editions of "The Pickwick Papers" need be told, seeing that Mr. Dickens has given a history of that work and its artist in his preface. For the benefit, however, of any unlightened person who has not read the latter, we will state that Seymour was the artist who illustrated the beginning of "The Pickwick Papers," which were commenced for the sake of engaging his talents on a serial, and for whose benefit Mr. Dickens created the character of *Winkle*, whose forte is sporting in a mild way, Seymour having a fancy for sporting scenes. The first number was launched, and it made a hit, as everybody knows, but before the second could be finished, Seymour died, by his own hand, leaving Mr. Dickens free to change his plan at will, and bringing forward another artist, Hablot K. Browne (*Phiz*), who has since illustrated most of Mr. Dickens's stories. So much for Seymour's connection with the author of "Pickwick." Of his previous career we know little, except that he was already a popular artist of the caricature school—one who seemed to have a mission to draw comic pictures, or what passed for such, and who was lucky enough to find a publisher who could make it pay both. That Seymour was popular may be gathered from the fact that his sketches, which, we believe, were published singly, were numerous enough to fill five volumes. They would not be considered remarkable now, after Leech and Doyle, and it is not easy to see why they were thirty years ago, for they deal with the most ephemeral oddities, and only in the most obvious manner. The persons whom Seymour held up to caricature were mostly Londoners in search of enjoyment in the country, *soi-disant* sportsmen who knew not how to use a gun, as their dogs often discovered to their cost, and would-be anglers, with lines and rods which they used fruitlessly, sitting all day without a nibble, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," or, worse still, in rickety boats under a drenching rain. We have looked through the whole five volumes, and found but little to smile at, although we have met our old friend Jem Baggs, of "The Wandering Minstrel," and heard again his refusal to move on under sixpence, because he knows "the wally of peace and quietness." The title-page of the second volume—the outside of a booth, at the curtain of which sits an old woman drinking tea—is worthy of remembrance, since it probably gave Mr. Dickens the idea of Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures. A selection from these "Sketches," which were originally drawn on stone, was etched in steel after Seymour's death, and published by Heath. It is from these plates, we presume, that Mr. Bohn has printed his edition, which contains eighty-six etchings, with descriptive letter-press by Alfred Crowquill, and a biographical notice of Seymour.

—The lack of full and accurate catalogues of the great libraries of England, particularly of their MSS., has long been a cause of complaint among scholars and those interested in special fields of investigation. The British Museum is sadly deficient in this respect, and likely to remain so for many a year to come. The libraries of the different colleges and societies have fared better, not being so large, yet every now and then somebody mouses out something in them which was not known to be there till then, or, known once, has since been forgotten. The same may be said of the libraries of private collectors, who, as a class, are not given to undue familiarities with their treasures. A case in point occurred a few years since in the library of Mr. John Tollemache, M.P. for Cheshire, at one of his seats, Helmingham Hall, Suffolk, where the Rev. Mr. Groome, of Monk Soham, discovered among his MSS. an early English romance of about 1430-50, entitled "Sir Generides," of which not so much as the name had come down to us of the present day. This romance, which is in rhyming couplets, was edited last year by Mr. F. J. Furnival for Mr. Henry Hicks, as the latter's contribution to the Roxburghe Club, though it has not yet been issued, possibly because a dinner (an institution in which all true Englishmen are supposed to delight under all circumstances) is the necessary forerunner of a Roxburghe volume. Not long since, Mr. Henry Bradshaw, of King's College, Cambridge, discovered two torn leaves of an old black-letter copy of the same romance, although in a different measure, namely, the seven-line ballad stanza of Chaucer's time and later, in an old folio in Trinity Library. And about the last of February, Mr. W. Aldis Wright, librarian of Trinity, and an accomplished scholar, found among the papers of Sir John Fenn, the editor of the "Paston Letters," another leaf of the old black-letter romance, a treasure trove which he followed up until he found the whole poem, in a volume of Lydgate's

poetry, in the library under his charge. It was bound with Lydgate's "Troy Book," as was also the MS. copy belonging to Mr. Tollemache, a circumstance which has led to the supposition that Lydgate himself was the writer of the romance, which can hardly have been the case, we think—at any rate not of both versions. As Mr. Wright, however, will undoubtedly publish "Sir Generides," we shall be able to express ourselves fully on this point, and possibly at no distant date.

—The Early English Text Society, which so far has done a good and much-needed work by its reprints of rare and curious tracts and manuscripts, has just proposed a series of republications of early dictionaries, as Levins, Hulot, the "Catholicon," Withals, Baret, and Horman. It has also given evidence of a business talent, not usually possessed by clubs of the kind, by inviting similar and kindred societies to take part therein, so that its issues may have a wider circulation than they would otherwise obtain; and the Philological and Camden Societies have joined forces with it, the former for the whole series, and the latter for the first book, Levins, which is to be printed from Lord Manson's copy, A.D. 1483, the MS. of which Mr. Way speaks so highly in the preface to his edition of the "Promptorium," and which, he thinks, may be the author's holograph. The series is to be edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, the author of a curious volume "On Anagrams," and editor of "Hume's Orthographice," "Merlin," etc. It will probably be printed at the Clarendon Press.

—Messrs. Trübner & Co. have lately published the first part of a translation of the "Elder" or "Poetic Edda," commonly known as the "Edda of Sæmund the Learned." This, we believe, is the first attempt at a complete translation of these old Norse lays into English. The earliest poetic versions which we recall were made by Thomas Gray, whose spirited "Descent of Odin" will at once recur to his readers. Joseph Cottle, the friend and publisher of Southey and Coleridge, tried his hand at a number of them, but with indifferent success, the best things in his volume being its prose notes. He labored, indeed, under serious disadvantages as a translator, as a later rival pointed out, the work he undertook to translate existing only in Icelandic, of which he knew nothing, and in Latin, of which he knew very little. The Hon. William Herbert, dean of Manchester, the father, we believe, of the late William Henry Herbert ("Frank Forrester"), succeeded better, hitting as he did upon the happy expedient of turning his versions into ballads, one of which, "Thor's Recovery of his War-Hammer," is noticeably well done. This vigorous lay has been more closely rendered in *Once a Week* by Mr. G. W. Dasent, an old worker in this grim and wintry domain of letters. These, so far as we know, are the chief poetic versions, though others may exist in scattered volumes of verse. The best prose translations are in Pigott's "Manual of Scandinavian Mythology." The present version, which is published anonymously, is said to be close and readable, though rather bald and unpoetical.

—Dr. Charles Mackay has lately compiled a work, which is shortly to be published, on "The Lost and Perishing Beauties of the English Language." The ground which it occupies, if thoroughly explored, cannot fail to yield a rich return in the way of obsolete words and phrases, racy and idiomatic turns of expression, which, after performing yeoman's service, have been driven from the speech and the writing of to-day, some being confined to the back slums of ignorance and vice, "the huts where poor men lie," while others have been transported to the colonies, where they linger out the remnants of their once hardy life. Scores of such words, brought over by our ancestors, are still in use here, where we are loth to let them perish, smacking as they do of the age of Shakespeare and King James's Bible. The abundance of the material in old writers is beyond the gleanings of any one man, however well read and painstaking he may be. For this reason, if for no other, Dr. Mackay's book can hardly be more than partially successful.

VICTOR HUGO'S LAST POEMS.*

SOME great poets lead quiet and uneventful lives; others are "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn"—let us trust with "the love of love" also. Of this latter class is Victor Hugo. The conspirator of December has exiled him from his country and city; and a true Parisian exiled from Paris must feel very like a Peri pitched out of Paradise. The English, while granting him a political refuge, have been the most unsparing and condemnatory of critics. For years and years he was their type of the grotesque and abnormal and vicious, a sort of Walt Whitman, nay, a Walt Whitman as seen through Mr. Harlan's spectacles. People of Mrs. Trollope's calibre, concentrated essences of Philistines, were especially down upon him. Does

* "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois." Paris. 1866.

any one recollect that person's "Paris and the Parisians" and her crushing ridicule of "Le Roi s'amuse?" Somehow or other that drama managed to hold its own notwithstanding, and there came a time when its poetry was wedded to music worthy of it, and all the world confessed that the last scene of "Rigoletto" displayed one of the grandest situations in the whole tragic repertory.

No doubt if we take up Victor Hugo in a narrow and one-sided spirit of criticism, that criticism which only looks out for faults and aberrations, no living author, not the poet Tupper himself, presents fairer game. Such another mixture of strength and weakness as "Les Misérables," for instance, cannot be found in the whole range of romance, and by studiously picking out the worst parts of it we might easily prove the author a fit inmate of a lunatic asylum. The volume before us is not free from the hugest absurdities. Thus (p. 311), the bard is constructing for himself a natural church in the woods, somewhat after the fashion of Miss Barrett's "Lost Bower." He finds a wood-louse sleeping under a stone, and compares it to—what does the reader suppose?—the apostle in the Spirit on the Lord's Day! No, we are not joking; here it is in black and white:

"Seul, sous une pierre, un cloporte
Songeait, comme Jean à Pathmos."

This is such stuff as one might expect G. F. Train to write for a Fenian holiday.

In short, Hugo reminds us of Michel Angelo (whose name, if anybody prefers to write in one word, as seems to be the last fashion, we have no objection), or, to take a nearer comparison, of the painter Delacroix—often grand and beautiful, at times running into unconscious caricature and self-burlesque. But we must take the bad with the good, remembering that his faults no less than his merits fitted him for his great work as leader of romanticism and iconoclast of the wretched pseudo-classic school. If Hugo had not conceived such grotesque horrors as "John of Iceland," if he had not made Doña Sol call Hernani "my lion" instead of "my lord," as an ordinary dramatist would have made her, he could not have been the man to upset and tear to pieces the fusty periwigisms which choked French literature.

The prologue to his new "Chansons" may, perhaps, offend a very fastidious taste. It is entitled "Le Cheval." The "horse" is Pegasus, "le grand cheval de gloire," who carries Death athwart the Apocalypses and eclipses with his wing the moon before Tenedos. Ezekiel and Job have been his mates, as well as Homer and Æschylus. The first of his inspired grooms was Orpheus; the last André Chenier (why *he*, unless to rhyme with *palfrenier*?) Some have been able to mount him; some he has kicked off; Hugo can but hold him by the halter, and, as he struggles with the mighty courser,

"Que fais-tu là? me dit Virgile.
Et je répondis, tout couvert
De l'écume du monstre agile:
Maître, je mets Pégase au vert."

He is taking Pegasus to grass. Yes, indeed, and such grass! We have it in the first book ("Jeunesse"), and our first wonder is that any human being of Hugo's age and after Hugo's trials can be so young in soul as he is. The whole three hundred pages are a frolic of youth and love and rural scenery. A babble o' green fields, an' you will; but what a babble! More distinct and eloquent than many a delicately finished piece of oratory. Just look at this tableau of two lovers among the stones of an old abbey:

"Seuls tous deux, ravis, chantants!
Comme on s'aime!
Comme on cueille le printemps
Que Dieu sème!"

"Quels rires étincelants
Dans ces ombres
Pleines jadis de fronts blancs,
De cœurs sombres,

On est tout frais mariés,
On s'envoie
Les charmans cris variés
De la joie.

"Purs ébats mêlés au vent
Qui frissonne!
Gaîtés que le noir couvent
Assaisonne!"

"On effeuille des jasmins
Sur la pierre
Où l'abbesse joint ses mains
En prière.

"Les tombeaux, de croix marqués,
Tout partis
De ces jeux, un peu piqués
Par l'ortie.

"On se cherche, on se poursuit
On sent croître
Ton aube, amour, dans la nuit
Du vieux cloître.

"On s'en va en becquetant,
On s'adore
On s'embrasse à chaque instant
Puis encore.

"Sous les piliers, les arceaux,
Et les marbres.
C'est l'histoire des oiseaux
Dans les arbres."

Catullus could n't beat that penultimate stanza if he were alive again. Could that be translated literally into English verse? a friend asked us. We will try; there is nothing like trying.

"Two alone with songs of joy,
Adoration!
How they well the spring employ,
God's creation!"

"Sparkling laughter, what a burst
In shades roomy,
Filled with pallid faces erst,
With hearts gloomy!"

"They are married but to-day,
Interchanging
Joy's delicious converse, gay,
Ever ranging.

"Sports amid the ruffling air,
That rude player!
Gaieties which this dark lair
Makes the gayer.

"Jasmines to the winds are thrown,
O'er tombs playing
Where the abbess carved in stone
Joins hands praying.

"And the cross-marked sepulchres
Their merry-making
(Scratched a bit by thistle-burrs)
Are partaking.

"Hiding, seeking, chase, and flight,
They feel dawning
In the ancient cloister's night,
Love, thy morning.

"As they go they coo and bill,
Wrapt in blisses,
Every moment kiss, and still
Want more kisses.

"Under arches, galleries,
Marbles hoary,
Like the birdies in the trees,
The old story!"

Unfortunately all the melody has tumbled out somehow. But this will happen sometimes—generally, in fact—with translations.

Again, is there any other living man (no, reader, we will not except Robert Browning) who could imagine a delicious bit of *renaissance* like this? The wood-spirit—we can see him now, a microscopic Pan, one of those diminutive goblins that Maurice Sand loves to draw for his mother's legends of Brittany—denounces to the young lover his mistress and his friend. They have played him false; they have made an epidemic of kisses in the woods, while the unsuspecting adorer was sleeping as sound as if he belonged to the Academy. Then the youth repels with disdain the suggestions of the malicious elf:

"Nain qui me railles,
Gnôme aperçu
Dans les broussailles,
Allé, bosou;
Face moisie,
Sur toi, boudeur,
La poésie
Tourne en laidur.

He will not listen to the accusation, not he!

"Quel vilain rôle!
Je n'en crois rien,
Viens petit drôle
Aérien,
Reprends ta danse
Spectre badin;
Reçois quittance
De mon dedain
Où j'enveloppe
Tous tes alex
Depuis Esopé
Jusqu'à Mayeux."

Still, even youth must have its suspicions and the ideal its complications. These complications inspire a whole section of poems under the main head of "Jeunesse." The best among these is the exposure of modern love *à la mode*. Venal affection has long been a favorite theme for French satirists; but few have treated it so forcibly, none so pithily and quaintly. Unfortunately he must preface it with some fearful rubbish about the simplicity of the olden times, a specimen of his worst sham pedantry, an utter falsification of all possible history. We are sure that the very respectable minor prophet Amos would be disgusted at the *bonnes fortunes* M. Hugo attributes to him; and as to Chramnes, priest of Electra (if there ever was such an individual), receiving Alexander's friend Thais at supper in a tomb, with a ghost for

third party, by way of keeping up the proprieties, we are very certain, from our historical knowledge of that young lady, that she would have seen him and his ghost at a considerable distance first. Even when fairly in his subject the irrepressible mystifier will now and then invent a name for mere sake of the rhyme, just as Poe used to do. We have known a great many queer appellations in and about Lorette, but we never heard of a Mademoiselle Amathonte. A few such blemishes apart, the description is perfect. Our fair ones have introduced many variations into the old programme. Our shepherdesses fleece more bankers than they shear lambs. They have realized the application of algebra to courtship. They flirt their fans at so much the hour.

"Palmyre en pleurs, Berthe en délire
S'amourachent par A x B."

In their dreams they behold the leaves—of bank notes trembling in the breeze. We have come to the point where one is robbed by singing birds in the forest of Calzado.* The contrast between the first and second series of poems is thus characteristically set forth in the preface: "Le cœur de l'homme a un recto sur lequel est écrit 'Jeunesse' et un verso sur lequel est écrit 'Sagesse.'"

In the best stanzas of the best poems in "Sagesse," the poet rails at the folly of wars, the wickedness of kings who make them, the madness of the people who sustain them. For six thousand years the nations have delighted in battle. Amid the gleam of steel and the smoke of watch-fires our dark souls are lighted up by the cannon's flame:

"Et cela pour des Altesces,
Qui, vous à peine entérés,
Se feront des poltesses.
Pendant que vous pourrez."

No nation can bear another near it.

"C'est un Russe! Egorge, assomme,
Un Croate! Feu roulant.
C'est juste. Pourquoi cet homme,
Avait-il un habit blanc?
Celui-ci je le supprime
Et m'en vaie, le cœur serrein,
Puisqu'il a commis le crime
De naître à droite du Rhin."

We might quaff the fountains, pray in the shade, love and dream under the forest oaks but it is so much pleasanter to kill our brethren. Too true, old poet! The good time has n't come yet.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER.†

THE preface to the first edition of this work informs us that it was "the aim of the editors, . . . if possible, to produce a geographical dictionary as comprehensive in its plan, as perfect in its arrangement, and as complete and accurate in its execution, as the best dictionary of the English language." The preface to the revised issue, now before us, asserts that "in the attempts to render the present edition of the 'Gazetteer' every way worthy of the favor which has been so liberally bestowed upon the work ever since its first appearance, no expense or labor has been spared. Not only has an appendix containing nearly ten thousand new articles (chiefly relating to the United States) been added, but every portion of the work has been subjected to a careful revision, and a vast number of such alterations and corrections as the lapse of ten progressive years has rendered necessary have been made." The ample title-page promises "the most recent statistical information, according to the latest census returns of the United States and foreign countries."

It is not our intention, and it would not be an easy task, to examine the correctness of the original claims of this valuable book of reference—valuable chiefly on account of its exceeding comprehensiveness—to comparative excellence in its line; but we must forcibly protest against the pretentious assumptions concerning its revision, though we readily admit that, besides the appendix, it contains a large number of new articles, new statistical dates, and other additions or alterations. Not only are these additions or alterations very scanty in proportion to the vast contents of the whole, and far from affecting "every portion of the work," but they are frequently defective or antiquated in themselves, and many of them loosely and inaccurately done. Let us examine, for instance, by reference both to the main work and the supplement, some of the notices of places rendered memorable by the events of our great civil war.

According to the notice on "Pittsburg Landing," the battle fought near

* Namely, the Italian opera of which Señor Calzado was manager for many years, till he was "cothched and sent to prison" for "priggging what war n't his'n" at a card party.

† "A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World. . . . Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several other gentlemen. Revised edition, with an Appendix containing nearly Ten Thousand New Notices." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.

that place, in 1862, took place "in April," and according to "Shiloh," "about the 7th of April," while the article "United States," otherwise abounding in mistakes, correctly informs us that it was fought "on the 6th and 7th of April." "Fair Oaks" mentions only May 31, the first day of the battle, while "Seven Pines" is not given. Under "Corinth" we read of Rosecrans's victory, but not a word of its once so much talked-of "siege" under Halleck. Gettysburg is made a two-days', instead of a three-days', battle; the name of the vanquished general is given, that of the victor omitted. Fort Pillow is mentioned as "erected," but not as captured, "by the secessionists." According to "Savannah," that town was occupied by Sherman "about the 20th of December, 1864;" according to "United States," on the 21st of that month. Fort Fisher was taken "in January," Wilmington "in February, 1865" (days not given); Petersburg "about the 2d of April;" Richmond "on the 3d" (erroneously for "the 3d"); the battle of Bentonville was fought some time "in the spring of 1865." But, stranger than all, not the slightest reference to any military action of the late war is made under the heads "Antietam," "Atlanta," "Bull Run," "Cedar Creek," "Chancellorsville," "Fredericksburg," "Knoxville," "Murfreesborough," "Nashville," "New Orleans," "Perryville," "Pleasant Hill," "Port Royal," "Roanoke Island," "Sharpsburgh," "Spottsylvania Court House," "Springfield," "Williamsburgh," "Winchester," or "Yorktown." Fort Pulaski is nowhere to be discovered.

When the recent history of the United States is thus treated (in a work overflowing with ancient historical dates), it cannot much surprise us to find no allusion to the late warlike affairs in Italy under such heads as "Montebello" or "Magenta;" no mention of the name of Garibaldi under "Caprera," "Palermo," or "Vulturno;" no notice of Solferino or Aspromonte (in Naples); no allusion to the surrender of Görgey under "Vilagos," or to his victory under "Szöny;" no notice of Kápolna; no allusion to the Crimean war under "Balaklava," "Taurida," "Crimea," or "Russia," while under "Sevastopol" we find that modern Troy still standing, with its "Malakoff, with the Great and Little Redan, situated near the lines of the allies, and near which there has been, in the present war (*sic*), some severe fighting." But not only the Crimean war is ignored in the "history" attached to "Russia;" the Cossack and the Polish wars, of 1831 as well as of 1863-4, share the same fate; the abolition of serfdom is a fact unknown to the writer of the article, and the fourth class of the Czar's subjects, "consisting of peasants or serfs," is left to "belong, in nearly equal proportions, to the crown and to individual proprietors; and though their different conditions admit of considerable diversity, the great body of them are, to all intents and purposes, little better than slaves. It ought to be observed, however, that the humanity and enlightened liberality of the late (*sic*) emperor, Alexander, formed a new division, to consist of free cultivators;" that "his successor, Nicholas"—elsewhere in the same article called "his third brother," and also "the late reigning monarch"—"followed laudably in his steps, and operations are now in progress by means of which, *though at some very distant date*, there is reason to hope that the complete emancipation of the serfs will be effected."

When we add that the histories of "Sleswick," "Holstein," and "Denmark" do not go beyond the year 1850, when the duchies "finally submitted to the authority of their sovereign, the King of Denmark;" that the Government of Prussia is left as it was in 1849; that the history of "Germany" concludes with the attempts of Austria, at the close of the revolutionary period of 1848-51, "to reconstitute the Germanic Confederation," when "various propositions to effect this object" were made, "but no definite result (February, 1852) had been attained;" that the history of Greece, of Spain, of the South American republics, and of most other countries, is treated with the same, if not with greater, disregard to late events; and that "Mexico" speaks of Maximilian without mentioning Juárez, and of the French invasion as having taken place in 1863 instead of 1861—our reader will have an idea of the "careful revision" to which the work has been subjected from a historical point of view.

But now let us see how "complete and accurate" this new edition is in regard to its main object, "the most recent statistical information, according to the latest census returns of the United States and foreign countries." Its deficiencies respecting parts of the Union are excused in the preface on plausible grounds derived from difficulties and temporary changes caused by the late war. But how is it in respect to foreign countries? A few examples will show: The area and population of "Russia" are given as they were in 1851; its latest commercial statistics refer to the year 1853. The area and population of "Sweden" are those of 1850. The same is the case with "Portugal" and "Switzerland." No general statistical table of the present kingdom of Italy is given. The statistical table of Germany contains three separate duchies of Anhalt, one of which ceased to be in 1847 and another

in 1863. Referring to the former, a note adds: "Anhalt Kothen, it is stated, has recently been absorbed in the other two divisions of Anhalt." The same table states the population of Bavaria to be 4,559,000, instead of 4,807,000 in 1864 (see "Almanach de Gotha" for 1866); of Bremen 74,000, instead of 104,000; of Frankfurt 77,000, instead of 91,000; of Hamburg 200,000, instead of 229,000; of Hanover 1,819,000, instead of 1,923,000; of Holstein and Lauenburg 526,000, instead of 602,000; of Nassau 429,000, instead of 468,000; of Prussia, exclusive of the eastern or formerly Polish provinces, 11,775,000, instead of 14,714,000, and so on. The statistics of the "British Empire," being given according to the census of 1851, are, of course, exceedingly defective in all their parts, but monstrously so in some, as, for instance, when the population of New South Wales is stated to be 208,000, instead of 367,000 (according to the census of 1861); of South Australia 37,000, instead of 135,000; and of Victoria 151,000, instead of 573,000. The population of "China" is given as in Johnston's "Dictionary of Geography," but without stating, as that work does, that it refers to an official census of 1825.

It is to that assiduously and scrupulously elaborated "Dictionary of Geography," of which we compare the original edition, that the editors of our "Pronouncing Gazetteer" are indebted for about one-half, if we are not mistaken, of their foreign notices, most of them literally copied, and almost all left in our "revised" edition precisely as they were written by Mr. Johnston, who, as he informs us, adopted the census of 1841 as his statistical guide for Great Britain and Ireland, and for other countries returns published between the years 1837 and 1849. Our "Gazetteer," therefore, which, on its title, bears the date of "1866," and speaks of statistics "according to the latest census returns," in reality embodies, without anywhere alluding to it, returns some twenty or thirty years old, in numberless notices, every word of which is from Johnston's first edition, whose chronological dates, frequently affixed to the figures of population, are moreover carefully omitted. A few examples will elucidate these statements. Thus we find in

JOHNSTON'S DICTIONARY.		LIPPINCOTT'S GAZETTEER (1866).	
Cinisello.....	Pop. (1849) 2,408	Cinisello.....	Pop. 2,408
Cirle.....	" (1838) 3,353	Cirle.....	" 3,353
Cisterna, Sardinian States.....	" (1838) 1,962	Cisterna, Sardinian States.....	" 1,962
Cittadella.....	" (1843) 6,599	Cittadella.....	" 6,600
Citta Vecchia, Dalmatia.....	" (1845) 3,046	Citta Vecchia.....	" 3,046
Cividade.....	" (1843) 6,037	Cividade.....	" 6,037
Karlsburg.....	" (1845) 12,300	Karlsburg.....	" 12,300
Kars.....	" (1848) 12,000	Kars.....	" 12,000
Kaschau.....	" (1845) 15,600	Kaschau.....	" 15,600

This will suffice to show the character of the revision of "Lippincott's Gazetteer" in many of its parts; the original merits and demerits of this work we have abstained from touching upon, as not belonging to the limited sphere of our review. Its general usefulness is universally known. The neatness and correctness of the print appear to us deserving of the highest commendation.

GUROWSKI'S DIARY.*

If anybody opens this book with the expectation of finding in it a record of the workings of a doubting and bewildered soul in its search after truth, he will be miserably disappointed. Whatever struggles the Count may have gone through in the formation of his opinions, they were either all over before the work before us was composed, or else he has carefully excluded all trace of them from its pages. In the "Diary" he appears before us as a fully illumined believer, and lays the lash over the shoulders of the people around him with all the passion and indignation of certainty.

The present volume is prefaced by a table in three parallel columns, containing, first, the names of persons "mentioned in the book with praise," numbering in all 101; second, of those spoken of "half-and-half," in all 22; and last, of those spoken of with "blame," in all 40. But we are bound to say that this digest, valuable as it may seem, does not give the reader by any means an adequate idea of the manner in which the author has meted out his judgments. The mere list of names is, in fact, most delusive. If we weigh the blame against the praise, as we find it in the body of the work, we shall find that, supposing 101 lbs. of praise to have been distributed amongst the Count's favorites, or 1 lb. a man, at least 200 lbs. of blame are distributed amongst the 40 reprobates, or 5 lbs. a man. What M. Gurowski means by "half-and-half" we do not well know. But if he means a mixture composed of blame and praise in equal parts, we must be allowed to doubt whether even the author himself has paid proper attention to the proportion when he was putting in his ingredients, for it seems to us, as it will, we think, to the reader, that there is but a half-penny worth of praise in it to

an intolerable deal of blame. For instance, Mr. Lincoln is one of the gentlemen who has had "half-and-half" dealt out to him, and we find that he was "a great shifter," "a political shuffler;" that "whatever he did was done by halves;" that "he had not an atom of organizing or administrative capacity;" that he was "a baker of generals;" that "he preferred having the army ruined by Meade rather than endanger his own chances of re-election." He is accused, moreover, of having caused the butchery of Olustee in order to secure three votes for the presidency, and M. Gurowski loses no opportunity of mentioning that he does not believe a word he says.

The "praise and blame" there is no mistake about. Forty greater scoundrels, as M. Gurowski describes them, than the gentlemen who incur the former are certainly not to be met with in history. The list includes G. T. Curtis, Thomas Carlyle, Archbishop Hughes, Senator Saulsbury, the Emperor Maximilian, Thurlow Weed, Chief-Justice Taney, Ben. Wood, General McClellan, and all the Cabinet except Secretary Stanton. It would be impossible for us in the space at our disposal to give any idea of the rascalities of which the whole forty persons were guilty. They appear, according to M. Gurowski's account, to have left no stone unturned to bring about the ruin of the country, and the destruction, body and soul, of every man, woman, and child in it. The chief villain of the lot appears to have been Secretary Seward, who had only one virtue, and that was purity in money matters. In all else he was wholly given over to the devil and his works. He had worthy coadjutors in Halleck, Welles, and McCulloch; though it is but right to say that in the author's classification, Welles comes under the head of "half-and-half," and is occasionally called in the body of the work by the pet name of "Neptune-Methuselah-Van-Winkle," or more frequently "Neptune" tout court. "Neptune" plays on one occasion a somewhat comical part in preventing the solution of "the question of earthen walls against wooden or iron walls." M. Gurowski declares that, if it should be solved in favor of the earthen fortifications, the result would be due to "Seward-Lincoln's hesitating policy in 1861-2, and to Welles' big wig." It is not often that this article of attire enters into the composition of causes to which the great events in history are, it is said, attributable.

Halleck is generally spoken of by our author as "Jomini-Carnot-Corinth-Halleck." Mr. Seward appears under various appellations implying different degrees of iniquity, the lowest being, as well as we remember, "Judas-Iscariot-Seward," and poor General Meade comes in for what is worse than M. Gurowski's abuse, his scorn. Meade seems to have passed his time between one blunder and another, and was really never out of mischief except when he was asleep. One cold night—that of the second of January, 1864—M. Gurowski seems to have been transported with rage at the reflection that Meade and Halleck were warm under the blankets instead of being out in the field freezing with the soldiers, and utters the pious invocation, "Oh how ardently I wish the mothers, sisters, and wives of the people under arms might for a moment become hyenas, tear to pieces our leaders, and thus avenge their children!"

M. Gurowski's praise is, we need hardly say, as unmeasured as his censure. Next to General Wadsworth, to whose memory he dedicates his book, and in whose honor he composed a poem in 1864, at Long Branch, in what we guess—being a little rusty in our Slavonic—to be the Polish tongue, his greatest idol is Mr. Stanton. If his account of this gentleman be true, all we can say is that he is far too good for this world, and deserves translation. How such a pink of perfection managed to preserve his innocence through a long career at the Pennsylvania bar, the Count does not explain; but his time at Washington seems to have been passed in heroic and successful attempts to avoid being contaminated by his colleagues. Wendell Phillips our author is never weary of praising, and appears to consider that at various times during the war he was the only statesman left in the country. On the fifth of December, 1863, we learn that "the small church of abolitionists began to hurrah for Lincoln," to M. Gurowski's regret. "I wonder not," he says, "at Beecher; but wonder at Wendell Phillips, who is not of that small parish. I wrote him." What effect this produced on Mr. Phillips we are not told; but we fear none whatever, for we find our author lamenting a month later over his continuing to "throw his eloquence for Lincoln," although his attention had been called to the "organizational vacuum in Lincoln."

It is but just to M. Gurowski to say that he has made some excellent hits in his diary. He was one of the first, if not the first, we believe, to expose McClellan and to discern the rising of Grant's star; and there is, too, a vast deal of very unpleasant truth scattered through the book. He pricks a good many bubbles, though with a pitchfork, one of the largest being the widely prevalent notion that the visits of Thurlow Weed, Archbishop Hughes, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Seward's despatches did a great deal to change the public

* "Diary: 1863, '64, '65. By Adam Gurowski. Washington, D. C." W. H. & O. H. Morrison, 1866.

opinion of Europe about our war. We doubt if they produced the smallest impression on anybody who was not already convinced. Henry Ward Beecher did more than all of them put together could have done in ten years, and Grant and Sherman really did all that was done at all, which reduces the share of the roving diplomatists to a very small compass.

The popular impression on laying down Count Gurowski's volume will be, we think, that the worst crime of which the blood-stained administration of Mr. Lincoln was guilty, was in not having made the Count himself Lieutenant-General, Vice-Admiral, and Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State. And if he will allow us to offer him a little advice, which we do with a horrible sense of our own unworthiness, it will be, not to waste so much love as he seems to do upon the American people. For he may depend upon it they are not worthy of it. Any community which fills all its high offices with such unmitigated scoundrels as those whom M. Gurowski describes, can hardly be very pure itself or worth much commiseration. We therefore recommend him to be a man, put up his pocket-handkerchief, lay down his pen, and "let the whole concern," in the expressive language of Mr. Mantalini, "go to the demnition bow-wows."

WARREN AND SHERIDAN AT FIVE FORKS.*

THE public can hardly have forgotten its surprise on learning, in the closing struggle of the rebellion, that Gen. Warren had been relieved from the command of the Fifth Corps by Gen. Sheridan, and had forfeited honorable mention among the heroes of the final victories around Richmond. We believe that the universal impression was that this removal took place in the heat of an engagement, and that it was occasioned by a difference between the two commanders which was peremptorily settled by the superior authority of Gen. Sheridan. The time, which did not permit a court-martial to elucidate the matter, was equally unfavorable for a popular judgment; and, in the prevailing ignorance of the facts, it is not at all strange that the presumption should have been in favor of the brilliant cavalry leader, who to his exploits in the Shenandoah Valley had added the *coup de grace* of a war as well as of a campaign. Few ever knew that Gen. Warren was immediately assigned by Gen. Grant to the defenses at City Point and Bermuda Hundred; that, after the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, he was put in command of the latter city and of the Southside Railroad; and that, on the third of the following month, he was placed over the Department of Mississippi, the scene of still active hostilities. Failing to obtain of Gen. Sheridan an explanation of his course toward him, or of the Lieutenant-General a military investigation, Gen. Warren undertakes in the pamphlet before us to justify himself to his countrymen in a manner, whatever else may be said of it, dignified and temperate.

Gen. Sheridan's imputations are contained in his official report, and are three in number: that Gen. Warren disappointed the expectations of Gen. Grant in his movements the night before the battle of Five Forks, and ought to have captured a large portion of the enemy's infantry who were checking Sheridan at Dinwiddie C. H.; that he did not exert himself to get up his corps as rapidly as he might, in preparing to join in the attack at Five Forks, and seemed to wish the sun to go down before the necessary dispositions could be made; and that in the ensuing engagement portions of his line gave way under moderate fire, from want of confidence which he took no pains to inspire. Such were the grounds for relieving Gen. Warren at the close of a perfectly successful and highly creditable flank movement, which decided the fortune of the day, and in which the Fifth Corps, with a loss of 634 men, captured 3,244 of the enemy, with their arms, 11 regimental colors, and one four-gun battery with its caissons.

1. The night of May 31-April 1 was dark and stormy, and the rough country about Hatcher's Run in a terrible state for army movements. In the immediate neighborhood of the enemy orders had to be transmitted noiselessly from man to man. What were the "expectations" of the Lieutenant-General does not appear, but we have the successive orders of General Meade, to whom General Warren was then reporting. From these it is manifest that he acted promptly and with discretion; but was prevented from moving as he desired to the rear of the enemy at Dinwiddie C. H., because it was understood at headquarters that Sheridan was much more likely to retreat than to hold his ground. His directions were simply to reinforce the latter, which he did at the earliest possible moment; before they were sent by General Meade, the enemy which, according to Sheridan, might have been intercepted, was already in retreat towards Five Forks.

2. The three division commanders of the Fifth Corps testify to the alacrity with which they formed their troops as designated by General Sheridan on the afternoon of April 1st. General Warren himself declares that he was delighted and eager to serve under Sheridan, and promised him to be in readiness to move by 4 P.M. He was as punctual as his word, and the advance began while the sun was two and a half hours high.

3. But two constructions can be placed upon the third imputation: it affects either the loyalty or the courage of General Warren. We are confident that not even the general who turned the rout at Winchester has a right to indulge in this accusation. General Warren was chief of engineers to General Meade at the battle of Gettysburg, and the position of the Union army, which on that field was our only warrant against disaster, was mainly, if not altogether, his choice and his praise. He was already notorious for his intrepidity, and his subsequent promotion to be major-general could hardly have made a coward of him. In this very battle of Five Forks he did, by his personal example and leadership, inspire—not the confidence of his men, for they had smashed the enemy—but their ardor for a renewed and ultimate assault, and his own horse was killed under him close to the rebel breastworks, while the line was taken without a shot. He had previously visited every part of his corps, and stationed himself always where he could best communicate with his subordinates, with utter indifference to his personal safety. As for his loyalty, he is content to put himself upon the country.

No candid person, in our opinion, can read General Warren's defence without feeling that his grievance is a real one. The question of facts is easily settled against General Sheridan, into whose motives, however, it is not our purpose to enter. General Warren goes no further than to express his conviction that he was deliberately removed on the first opportunity. "If," he says, "a victory won by my command, under my direction, could not gain me credit, where the plans made were, as he (General Sheridan) says, 'successfully executed,' and where my efforts and directions were known to almost every one, then nothing could." This credit the public will not fail to bestow when fairly informed. At least it will applaud his soldierly acquiescence in what he deemed most unjust treatment, his solicitude for his good name unmixed with egotism, and this dispassionate vindication of his services, which is also a very clear and valuable contribution to the history of the Army of the Potomac.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

THE best wine of the "Atlantic Monthly" is neither first nor last in the course, but midway—Mr. Kirk's description of the character and career of M. Sainte-Beuve, "the prince of contemporaneous criticism." The draught is a copious one, but it is pleasant to take, and will excite much valuable reflection.—Next in excellence is Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney-Corner" on the fashions, who sets them, and how far one may properly follow them with a good conscience.—The political article discusses ably the relations of President Johnson and Congress, and of each to the people. It shows that if, according to the theory of the former, the revolted States are, and all along have been, in the Union on equal terms with the loyal, not only is the present Congress a "rump," and its acts invalid, but all the legislation of the war may be impeached by the self-same logic.—The opening article, on the "Last Days of Walter Savage Landor," tells us comparatively little of what we had reason to expect. There are a great many quotations from or about the poet, and, from some verses addressed by him to a young American lady, and "heretofore unpublished," we learn that the writer is a Miss K. F.—"Were they Crickets?" is a weak imagining, in a vein mixed of "Peter Wilkins" and "Micromégas," and with just a suspicion of being intended for a satire on the times.—"Madam Waldborough's Carriage" is a not bad extravaganza, but is too long in the handling, and there is scarcely enough made of the very capital situation selected for the pivot of the story—a foreigner in Paris, with fifteen sous in his pocket and none at his lodgings, entrapped into riding in a hackney-coach at two francs the hour!—The passages from Hawthorne's note-books are remarkable for glimpses of his habits of observation in his out-of-door wanderings, which make one half wish that the brush had been as much his instrument as the pen. The practice, we may remark by the way, of jotting down the pictures afforded by our daily walks would make truer artists and critics of us all. The hints at "motives" for future elaboration in fiction are full of the fantastic and sombre phantasies which colored all of Hawthorne's work. He was a remorseless anatomist, and took a sort of delight in probing the most repulsive processes of our nature, which, every one wishes to delude himself, do not exist for him.—"A Struggle for Shelter" treats of the difficulty experienced by single women in finding decent, commodious, and reasonable quarters in our chief cities. Clubs, analogous to those for men, are advo-

* "An Account of the Operations of the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by Major-General G. K. Warren, at the Battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, and the Battles and Movements Preliminary to it. By G. K. Warren, late Major-General Volunteers." Wm. M. Franklin, New York.

cated.—"The Late Insurrection in Jamaica" suffers the disadvantage of having been composed before the testimony before the commission had reached this country, and is, therefore, less to be prized for its statements about the unhappy occurrences of last October. Some of the causes of discontent are accurately enumerated, and also the points in which there can be no prejudiced inference from the blacks of Jamaica to the freedmen of the South, that shall deter us from giving them the just measure of their rights.—There are three poems in the present number, Longfellow's being the best, as we conceive.—Mr. Mitchell's and Mr. Charles Reade's stories are still further advanced.

"Harper's Monthly" shows us the "Birds at Home," with curious illustrations. Mr. Abbott indulges his mania for writing history by rehearsing the exploits of our navy in the North Carolina sounds. We had given him credit for better judgment than he displays in lauding the joint proclamation of Burnside and Goldsborough, Feb. 18, 1862, which repudiated any desire on their part to "liberate your slaves, injure your women, and [commit] such like enormities." We doubt if the next governor of Rhode Island considers this specimen of his "pure patriotism" particularly "worthy of historic preservation."—China furnishes a theme for two independent articles. The portraits of Gens. Ward and Burgevine, both Americans, both adventurers without principle, and both, fortunately, put out of existence, are given with an account of their participation in the horrible massacres of which the Middle Kingdom has been the theatre, according as the rebellion achieved success or the Imperial authorities found opportunity for vengeance.—The article on restaurants is unartistic and far from exhausting the subject; but it gives figures which will be welcome to those whose appetites are out of proportion to their purses, and tells besides some wholesome truths about our habits of eating.—The "Ethics of Adulteration" is a plea for certain manufactured products which, it is argued, are none the less worth buying at the price demanded because they are not what they purport to be. The author rebukes the public for examining the brand instead of the quality, and forcing native industry to counterfeit the trade-marks of its foreign competitors.—We should like to learn the ethics of the biographer of Sam Houston, of whom we are told everything that is good and very little that is bad. This sort of misrepresentation cannot be too severely censured, and to give it the currency of a popular magazine is a serious offence against the public morals.—The objections to "Round Dances" are very forcibly set forth in a paper on that subject, in a style much superior to that of ordinary pulpit preaching, and the best, perhaps, that adorns the number.

The "Catholic World," for the first time open to original articles, begins with one that treats of the present state of the patriarchate of Constantinople. The writer aims to show that while this portion of the Greek Church has forfeited the respect of the remainder by its tyrannous and corrupt practices, and rendered itself obnoxious to Rome by its schismatical difference on certain points of a common faith, there is yet no hope of such an alliance with it on the part of Protestant Christendom as the latter seemed to court, some years ago, in order to concentrate the opposition to Catholicism. The future possession of Constantinople by Russia is regarded, in a religious point of view, with complacency, although the Emperor and the Pope are by no means on so friendly terms as the Emperor and this republic, and although there is nothing in the traditions of the Russian Church compatible with the spiritual dominion to which the Holy See lays claim.—"Christine" is a troubadour's song, containing a few good lines, but not exciting an insatiable longing to read the rest of the cantos, which are promised in subsequent numbers.—"The Song of the Shell" is a fair production of the battle-field.—The "Reminiscences of Dr. Spring" are examined by some one having an eye to the weak spots in that autobiography. We have numerous excellent reasons for not agreeing with the reviewer's conclusions "that Dr. Spring has lived in vain."—Among the selected articles are Dr. Newman's reply to Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon, two continued stories, "Ireland and the Informers of 1798," "Proposed Substitutes for the Steam-Engine," etc. The leading book-notice is of Hassard's "Life of Archbishop Hughes."

Mr. Thomas Nast contributes a design to the April number of "Beadle's Monthly," which is not only so far an improvement on the number for March, but also in a very creditable proportion of original articles. Of these the poetry is, as usual, the poorest; but "April a Year Ago" has decided merit, and the feeling of the "Hymn" at the close will be responded to by every lover of the April martyr.—The best prose article is "A Winter in Pau," the little Gascon town near the Pyrenees out of which issued Henry IV. to ascend the throne of France, and Bernadotte that of Sweden, and which is now represented, not without protest, by M. Larrabure in the Corps Législatif. We learn that Pau is highly favorable to invalids who are troubled

with pulmonary complaints; that its climate is dry and equable; and that its chapter of winds is as short as Ireland's chapter of snakes—there are none. The walks are monotonous, the drives a little less so, but the ever-present scenery is magnificent. Living is dear. The neighboring watering-place of Eaux Bonnes among the mountains seems not unlike Mauch Chunk in its peculiar situation.—We are told "What Constitutes Treason" in this country, and what is its punishment by law. The writer makes the customary recommendation of tempering justice with mercy, with an evident leaning toward justice. He omits to guess the probable fate of certain distinguished subjects for either a halter or a pardon.—"The Alligator at Home" and "The Pearl Fisheries," with a paper on "Hydrophobia," are the chief remaining titles that do not belong to stories.

The most marked improvement in "Our Young Folks" is in the illustrations, which are now much more in keeping with the quality of the text than hitherto. Miss Hale's talk about the seasons is very good ground-work for an introduction to botany, provided the child is not left entirely to his own understanding of it. Mrs. Stowe presents another phase of "Young America" in "The History of Tip-Top," who is no other than Number One. Miss Prescott's "Dilly-Dally" is written with great naturalness, as usual, but not always with desirable simplicity. Gail Hamilton contributes an undisguised sermon on "Little Things."

Times has Badly Change' Ole Massa Now. Song of the Freedmen. By H. G. Spaulding. (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.)—On the first page of the sheet this explanation is printed: "The leading melody of this song was heard by the writer in Florida. It was sung by a negro, but the words could not be recognized. In the words here given the writer has attempted to express what seems to him to have been the general feeling of the freedmen at the close of the war." This melody is quite pretty, but is evidently a latter-day composition, a song of the new régime, and an imitation of the popular "negro melody" of white origin. It contains no traces of the peculiarly wild and melancholy character of the old-time plantation songs. But the words are such a happy rendering of the state of the case, in simple and occasionally almost pathetic language, as to place the merits of the piece above many others which have gained popularity.

Driftings from the Stream of Life. A Collection of Fugitive Poems. By Elizabeth Bogart. (Hurd & Houghton, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.)—We shall not flatter the author of this collection by placing a higher value on her productions than she herself has done in the preface. Not every log that comes to the boom is worth affixing the owner's mark; but if it cannot be shaped into spar, or plank, or board, or lath, it may, turned adrift, and rescued for firewood, cheer poverty's hearth in the dreary winter. Such we conceive to be the humble mission of this book, with its page on page of sentimental verse, its "harps" innumerable, its "stars," and "moonlight," and "memories," and "hope" that "went by on raven wings, darkening the summer sky." Some mourner's heart may be touched and comforted by the obituary verses, which assuredly were not all composed for others' griefs. In the metrical contest with "J. H. H.," to which we are treated in the appendix, it would be hard to say whether he or "Estelle" gets the worst of it.

MacKenzie's Ten Thousand Receipts in all the Useful and Domestic Arts, etc. Second edition. (T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia.) We hope the calamity alluded to with such serenity in the preface to this volume—the destruction of "all other books of science in the world"—may be long postponed. That these ten thousand receipts, however, would not compensate for such a loss, does not detract from their present usefulness. We believe that sufficient care has been exercised in preparing them to make them worthy of confidence in the main, though we should feel much safer in following those which pertain to the arts than those for the domestic practice of medicine. The American editor has so far altered the original work as to adapt it to our soil and climate.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, 1858-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone.—HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. VI. and last.—A TEXT-BOOK ON PHYSIOLOGY. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By John William Draper, M.D.—HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. No. 15.—A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Vol. III. Part Second. History of the Great Rebellion. By John Bonner.—MAXWELL DREWITT. A Novel. By T. G. Trafford. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE SONG-BOOK. Words and Tunes from the Best Poets and Musicians. Selected and Arranged by John Hullah. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Macmillan & Co., London. (Sheldon & Co., New York.)

LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER. Par Victor Hugo. Edition spéciale pour les Etats-Unis. F. W. Christern, New York; A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie, Bruxelles.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz.—ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Anne H. M. Brewster. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. (B. H. Ticknor, New York.)

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND ITS RECOVERY. By John S. Davenport.—THE IDLE WORD. Short Religious Essays upon the Gift of Speech, and its Employment in Conversation. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GRAHAMES. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead.—THE CECILIAS; OR, THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES. By Anne Argyle. American News Company, New York.

POEMS IN SUNSHINE AND FIRELIGHT. By John James Platt. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.

Fine Arts.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ART CRITICISM.

MR. GEO. H. HALL'S note, published in THE NATION a week ago, is a curious proof of the feebleness and insincerity of most American art criticism hitherto. Mr. Hall, it will be seen, does not waste words in trying to prove that his critic lacked knowledge of the matter in hand. He assumes that. He is sure that if the critic will do so and so, he will see so and so, namely, what Mr. Hall saw. He assumes as a thing of course that his critic never did it nor anything equivalent to it, but criticized painting purporting to be from nature without knowledge of the facts of nature.

Of Mr. Hall's color we shall say a word by-and-by; but a subject of even greater importance is offered for consideration by his evidently real and sincere—not purposely displayed—impression of the worthlessness and insincerity of art criticism. There must have been, it is evident, an immense weight of bad art criticism to have produced that impression. One who had never seen an American newspaper notice, nor heard an allusion to American art, could yet accurately judge from careful reading of Mr. Hall's short note that a great deal of groundless fault-finding and senseless puffery must have gone before. Mr. Hall must have often suffered from praise that he knew to be undeserved, and have felt that it meant nothing, before he could have taken it for granted that blame also must be without meaning.

General art criticism is many-sided, and requires varied knowledge and matured thought on many subjects. There is scarcely anything within the range of human knowledge that may not, at one time or other, directly assist it. There are, especially at the present time, difficulties in it beyond the difficulties of literary criticism: for instance, the absence of such standards of right and wrong as have been tolerably well established in literature; and the fact that, just now, knowledge of art includes knowledge of literature, while literature gets on very well without much reference to art. Excellent judges of books and men may, as we see every day, know very little about art, and wisely distrust their own judgment of it; but an art critic is badly off unless he knows a good deal—and accurately—about books, and some thing, at least, about men. Now, as it is evident that all human knowledge falls short of ideally perfected knowledge, so it is evident that all human criticism is incomplete, and falls short of being final. But there is a great difference between the criticism of one picture and the criticism of another, and a great difference in criticizing different parts or qualities of the same picture. For instance, in Gérôme's great work of the gladiators, "Ave Caesar," etc., the scene is historically inaccurate. It is evidently the interior of the Flavian amphitheatre that is represented; but below the emperor's seat is inscribed "Vitellius Imp.," and the Coliseum was not built until after the deposition and death of Vitellius. So much is matter of fact, ascertainable fact; but now comes up for consideration that which is clearly matter of opinion, and must always remain so, viz., was the painter warranted in taking this liberty with history? At the present day the majority will say yes; but there have been times in the history of art when such freedom would not have been allowed the historical painter. A different instance is Tissot's picture, sold by auction at Mr. Avery's sale three weeks ago, "Un Tentatif d'Enlèvement." Is it good fencing? It is not, judged by the modern laws of *escrime*; the parry in particular violates all the laws of fence. But perhaps M. Tissot had ascertained that different laws of fence obtained in France in the days of Henry II. It seems unlikely; but until we know, it would not be wise or just to find fault. But, if it were once settled that it is an error, there would remain no question about excuse for it; there could be none; the critic would be justified in blaming what would be either negligence, or, worse, inaccurate perception of a really essential fact. So in an American picture not long ago—a ship riding at anchor in a heavy gale—some of the crew were represented going aloft by the leeward shrouds. Here was no question at all. Bluntness of perception, or else ignorance of the matter in hand, one or the other, caused the blunder, and either should be a disqualification for painting marine subjects.

But when there is question of color, there is perhaps more room for difference of opinion, more chance for even well-informed people to differ in the principles upon which they judge, than in any other quality of art. In the first place, are those the colors of nature? a question to be answered by experience or experiment, and which every intelligent person not color-blind will claim a right to answer for himself. Then, if they are not, as they never are or can be literally, is the painter right in his abstract or rendering? has he sacrificed lesser truths to greater, and insisted on the essential facts? is his work noble and beautiful? We find Mr. Ruskin, certainly not an admirer of art that is not true to nature, praising in a picture of a

vintage the idealizing of the actual blackness of the grapes seen among the leaves into purple; but we find no praise given to Canaletto for idealizing the rosy and purple shadows on Venetian palaces into brown and black. And Mr. Ruskin is right. Real insight into nature and real study of nature will lead the painter to get as much as he can of natural beauty on his canvas, sacrificing unessential facts instead. But one person sees so much more of natural beauty in color than another, that they can hardly be judged by the same standard. Besides the many who are wholly or partially color-blind and never find it out, among those who can distinguish colors some see much more delicate gradations than others, some remember slight shades and hues much better than others. One person looks at a natural shadow called "black" or "grey" and sees that it really is warm in color—looks at a distant tree supposed to be green and sees that it is purplish grey—looks at a rock called brown and sees an iridescence of a million colors. To another person shade and shadows are little more than darkness, and to him the essential character of any object is its form.

Mr. Hall's fruit-pieces, as we saw them and studied them at the Somerville art gallery, had merit—the fruit was well rounded, the characters of form and growth well given. But these qualities are of minor importance in a picture of a bunch of grapes hung upon a wall; in such a picture color is everything. Every berry in the real bunch modifies the color of every other, the play of light and interchangeably reflected colors certainly not toning down the whole to greyness of shading, but raising the shadows, by dint of reflection, to richness of color beyond that of the lights. We said of these pictures: "Nor does it seem to us that the beauty of color in natural fruit and flowers has justice done it; the tone of color adopted in all Mr. Hall's works is not pure or bright enough for that." To that expression of opinion we have heard of no dissent, although, of course, there are many who disagree. It is to the particular instance we gave that Mr. Hall objects, namely, "purple is shaded [that is, in his pictures] not with darker purple but with grey." Mr. Hall writes that, if purple grapes are hung against a grey wall, their shadows will be full of grey reflections. It is unnecessary to remind him that that fact is somewhat irrelevant. It is not so that one's work is proved true and beautiful in color. It is perfectly true that there will be grey reflections, but on a few berries only at a time and from one point of view, and the grey will not be wholly unmodified by the purple. We have this statement only to make in conclusion Mr. Hall's renderings of the shade and shadow colors of nature are generally exaggerated abstractions of the darkness or depth of those colors only, their quality being wholly disregarded. Of his many fruit-pieces we do not remember one that has been conceived and painted in full color. This may be of no importance; it was the sole charge we made, and is the sole charge we now make against his paintings of fruit.

Science.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE French decimal system of weights and measures gains favor steadily among the nations of Europe. It is the legal system of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland, and though the German nations still adhere to other measures of length and to their old names of weights, their actual weights have been made easily comparable with the French by the enactment that the pound shall be equal to one-half of a French kilogramme. A government commission has just recommended the introduction of the French system into the Austrian dominions. The metre and the gramme have become universal in books and memoirs upon the experimental sciences written in any European language. For scientific purposes the centigrade thermometer also is almost always employed. In England and in this country an excessively cumbersome and difficult system of weights and measures is still adhered to. In the French system there is a very simple relation between the unit of measure and the unit of weight. A cube of pure water of which the side measures one-hundredth of a metre weighs one gramme, the French unit of weight. The English weights and measures are compared together by the following rules: 277,274 cubic inches constitute an imperial gallon, and the gallon of pure water weighs ten avoirdupois pounds. The troy pound is to the avoirdupois pound as 144 to 175. Under the French system all substances and commodities are sold by the same weights and measures, viz.: the gramme and litre and their decimal multiples. Under our system every different trade seems to have its peculiar weights and measures. Grocers, apothecaries, coal-dealers, liquor-dealers, grain-merchants, and tailors, have all their separate units of weight and measure, and the confusion which results is tolerated only because long

usage has accustomed the community to inconveniences which they believe to be inevitable. We copied our weights and measures directly from England; our system is, therefore, not in any sense a national one, and no national pride will prevent our copying a better one. In fact, we first demonstrated the convenience of a decimal system when, in establishing our coinage, we took the old Spanish dollar for our unit and divided it into dimes and cents. Later, the French applied the decimal system to weights and measures. The English Parliament has taken one step toward the introduction of the metrical system; a very short one to be sure, after the English fashion of making haste slowly, but still a step worthy of attention, and perhaps of imitation. Parliament has sanctioned the legal use of the metrical system; contracts may be made in the terms of this system. The enactment is merely permissive. To second this action of Parliament the British Association for the Advancement of Science made an appropriation for erecting, in conspicuous places, mural tablets, bearing the metre and its subdivisions, with the double object of familiarizing the public with the difference between the yard and the metre, and of presenting accessible standards for purposes of ready comparison. At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society of London a discussion took place on the best material for mural standards of length. Platinum, gilded brass, aluminium bronze, common bronze, gun-metal, cast-iron, and porcelain were all considered, the weight of opinion inclining to the cheaper substances, on the ground that extreme accuracy was not at all essential, and hardly attainable under such circumstances.

The subject has been repeatedly brought to the notice of our own Government and people in years past, and a proposition looking to the general introduction of the French system has been made in Congress during the present session. It is greatly to be wished that a hearty effort might now be made to carry this great measure. In these revolutionary times one more change in the habits of the people will not be hard to make. The metrical system was born of revolution in 1790.

When the chief nations of the world have but a single, uniform system of weights, measures, and coinage, what a simplification will be effected in commerce, travelling, and the affairs of common life! One large part of the curse which fell upon us at Babel will be removed, the arithmetics will have to be re-written, at least a year of life will be saved to every child, and the occupation of countless clerks all the world over will be for ever gone.

—About a year ago two young men, one a German, the other an Englishman, assistants in Dr. Odling's laboratory at London, were killed by inhaling a compound of mercury, called mercuric methide, whose poisonous properties were then not fully understood. It was one of those terrible accidents to which the pioneers in chemistry are inevitably exposed. An ignorant, and apparently malicious, person some time afterwards wrote an article for the "Cosmos" of Paris, accusing Dr. Odling of ignorance, selfishness, and cowardice, and warning young German chemists against the ill-treatment and dangers to which assistants in English laboratories were exposed. A controversy arose about the matter, which has at last drawn from Dr. A. W. Hofmann a very strong letter in defense of Dr. Odling. The immediate point in controversy is of little interest to us, but the strong opinions he expresses concerning English chemistry and chemists are worthy of notice. Dr. Hofmann is a German by birth and education, but he has lived twenty years in London and there attained such eminence that he had no superior among the many distinguished chemists in the great metropolis. He added to his scientific attainments a practical ability which secured to him an ample fortune, mainly in consequence of his study of aniline, the base of the innumerable colors which now bear this name. Last spring he returned to his native country, accepting an appointment as professor of chemistry in the University of Berlin. A very intense and constantly increasing prejudice against England exists throughout Germany, and Dr. Hofmann's strong expressions of feeling are especially interesting in the face of this widespread prejudice. Speaking of the feelings and opinions of a great number of his countrymen employed in the London laboratories whom he had known during his long residence there, Dr. Hofmann says: "Most of them were full of the amiable and honorable character of their employers, of their varied experience and insight into the grand forms of English life which these positions afforded them, and of the advantages which they hoped to derive therefrom in their future careers. Many of them have since made their way from these places to positions of importance in science and manufactures." And again, advising his young countrymen to enter the English laboratories whenever opportunity offers, he says: "In the manifold relations which link chemical science to life in England, they will find an inexhaustible store of instruction and incentive, and in the chemists of

England they will become acquainted with the most honorable and trustworthy of men, well representing the great and splendid virtues of the English nation, among which stands uppermost the love of truth."

—The refuse matters and filth of dense populations can be got rid of in various ways. Daily removal in pails, by hand, is the Chinese method, employed with only slight modification in many towns of Europe to this day. In Berlin, for example, the semi-solid refuse is removed from the houses in pails, and emptied into loosely-closed carts, in which it is carried through the city streets out into the country. The labor of this daily removal is performed in many parts of Germany by women—a fact which forcibly illustrates a fundamental difference between German civilization and ours. Another method is that of temporary deposit in a more or less suitable receptacle, which is emptied at considerable intervals. In villages this method produces the manure-heap at each man's door, a species of savings-bank but too familiar to all who have travelled in Switzerland or Germany. In cities this system produces the tight cesspool, which must be periodically cleaned. A third method, of only partial application, may be called, for distinction, the dry-dirt method. Dry loam or ashes are mixed with the fecal matters in such quantity as to absorb entirely the emanations which would otherwise be offensive. This method is economical from the farmer's point of view, and by the help of some ingenious mechanical contrivance may be made effectual and useful in the country, or in small towns where the population is not crowded. The modern system of water-draining proceeds on the principle that the refuse of our houses had better be got out of sight as quickly as possible, and washed away through underground pipes into the sea, the lake, or the river, where its abominations can no longer offend us. There can be no question that the first of these methods is the most economical, though the most offensive. By it every constituent of the refuse which is of value to the agriculturist is promptly returned to the soil without waste by volatilization or dilution. There can be as little doubt that the sewage system is the most cleanly and convenient, and therefore the safest and best for crowded cities. But this system is open to two strong objections, one of which is general, and the other especially applicable to inland cities. First, the system is intrinsically wasteful; all the valuable fertilizing constituents of the city refuse, which the farmer and market-gardener so much need, are first diluted with a flood of water and then poured into the sea or the river. So long as it is impossible to utilize these matters without spending upon them more than they are worth, the community must pay a high price for its gain in comfort and health. Secondly, when an inland town pours its sewage into the river on which it lies, the waters of the river are polluted, and unless the river be a very large one, injurious emanations may arise from it, especially when the water is low; the fish may be injured or driven away, and towns lower down upon the same river and drawing their drinking water from the stream will get the benefit of all the sewage of the towns above them. These objections are strong enough, when added to the severe first cost of the underground sewers, to have prevented the introduction in many places of a system otherwise so desirable. A commission was appointed by the Prussian Government, in 1864, to visit England and report upon the system of water-drainage. The report of the commission was adverse to the system. At a convention of some twelve hundred agricultural proprietors, last summer, in Dresden, a discussion of this subject resulted in an almost unanimous condemnation of the sewage system, chiefly, of course, on the ground of its wastefulness. In England a large party has arisen to advocate a return to the cesspool system, in spite of its very grave inconveniences and dangers. Under these circumstances all endeavors to find a practicable method of utilizing sewage waters are of public interest and importance. Dr. Gilbert has very lately communicated to the Chemical Society of London some valuable experiments and estimates upon this subject. The various estimates of the money value of the sewage of large towns are more nearly in accord than we should have been inclined to anticipate. Liebig's original estimate of the value of the London sewage was \$0.08 per ton, but in 1863 he reduced his estimate to \$0.032 per ton. Mr. Way's estimates for London were \$0.04 per ton, and Dr. Hofmann's \$0.042 per ton. The sewage of the town of Rugby was found by Dr. Gilbert to be worth on an average \$0.033 per ton. Lawes and Gilbert calculated that the sewage of a dense mixed population would be worth \$1.60 per head per annum. Dr. Odling deduced from experiments upon the outfall of the great sewers north of the Thames the value of \$1.68 per head per annum. It is obvious that the really valuable ingredients of sewage are diluted with such a bulk of water that no labor can be profitably spent upon the sewage. It must flow by gravitation, be disinfected by the soil, and be evaporated by the sun and wind. In short, it must be used for irrigation, if any profit

is to be won from it. But if sewage is to be used for irrigation, two points must first be clearly established. It must be proved that there are crops which will be benefited by the application of sewage, and further, that the offensive constituents of the sewage will be effectually absorbed by the soil of the irrigated field, so that the residual water which drains from them will be clean and sweet. On both these points Dr. Gilbert furnishes satisfactory information. At Rugby, four like parcels of ground, fifteen acres in all, were laid out with grass; three of these fields were irrigated with different proportion of sewage, and one was left in the ordinary condition. The experiments lasted three years, and the following table gives the average weight of green grass raised on each field during these three years:

	Tons.	Cwt.
1. Not irrigated	9	6
2. Irrigated with 3,000 tons sewage	22	5
3. " 6,000 "	30	6
4. " 9,000 "	32	12

In the following year no application of sewage was made, but plots 2, 3, and 4 still retained their luxuriance. Dr. Gilbert made experiments at Rugby and Croydon which proved that only very small quantities of ammonia escaped absorption by the soil of the irrigated fields. Croydon sewage, which contained 6.7 grains of ammonia per gallon before irrigation, gave only 0.21 grains per gallon after. The conclusions at which Dr. Gilbert arrives are briefly these: first, the liberal use of water is essential to the prompt and thorough removal of the refuse matters of large populations; secondly, the discharge of sewage into rivers should not be permitted, because of the danger to the public health, the injury to fish, and the waste of valuable manure, which result therefrom; thirdly, the best mode of purifying and utilizing sewage is to apply it to land; fourthly, grass is the crop best fitted for the application of sewage; fifthly, the general application of town sewage to grass land would greatly increase the production of milk and meat, and, indirectly, would produce, through the consumption of the grass, a large amount of solid manure applicable to all kinds of crops.

Two arguments urged by the opponents of irrigation by sewage waters remain to be considered. It is asserted that a large extent of fields so irrigated would be an intolerable and very dangerous nuisance in the vicinity of cities, and that the troublesome diseases caused by parasitical animals might be greatly increased if the circuit from human food through grass and the grass-eating animal to human food again were made so short and quick.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,
March 24, 1866.

A FURTHER decline has taken place in gold. To-day it sold as low as 124½, and closed at 125½. Notwithstanding the decline, exchange continues dull and heavy at 107½ to 107½ for bankers' bills—say two points below the rate at which coin can be shipped as a remittance. These are very remarkable facts. Gold has not been as low since the fall of Fort Wagner, when it was generally supposed at the North that the war was at an end. Exchange has not been as low, with one brief exception, since the war broke out. Government has had nothing to do with the decline in either gold or bills. No more gold has been sold, and no bills have been drawn against any public funds deposited abroad. In both instances the fall must be ascribed to the natural operations of trade. Gold has fallen because the supply has been in excess of the demand; because everybody believes that specie payments are going to be resumed within a given

period, and hence everybody, South as well as North, who has hoarded gold is throwing it upon the market for sale; while, on the other hand, no one wants gold for investment, and no one dares to buy gold on speculation. Exchange has fallen because the balance of trade between this country and Europe is in our favor; because we are shipping more cotton and bonds to Europe than we are drawing merchandise from thence; and because our people are steadily withdrawing from London the money sent thither during the war. Gold is quite scarce; throughout the week from 1-16 to 3-16 of 1 per cent. have been paid for its use for a single day. Under these circumstances it would be rash to attempt to set a limit to its probable fall. One set of people say it may decline to 123, another to 120. But it is clear that the arguments in favor of a decline would apply as cogently at 120 as at 127. There has been, as we showed a week or two since, no real increase of the currency for twelve months, and since New Year there has been a commencement of contraction. Confidence once really restored, the legal tenders might rise to par within a year without very much further curtailment of the currency.

In the progress toward par, grave commercial embarrassment would probably be encountered. Houses involved in debt might be compelled to suspend. Speculators loaded with goods and merchandise might be bankrupted. But careful merchants, who had done business for cash, kept small stocks, and sailed close in shore, would merely lose a portion of last year's profits. The process is already initiated. All life merchandise, produce, and dry goods markets continue paralyzed. Staple goods are being re-shipped to Europe. A heavy decline in domestics has failed to attract buyers, and severe losses will fall upon manufacturers and their agents. Fancy goods (imported) are being sacrificed, the product of auction sales failing, in many instances, to pay the duty alone. Produce is steadily tending downward; heavy failures among Western speculators in breadstuffs and provisions are inevitable. Even those articles of general merchandise which are sold for gold, and which might be expected to improve on the decline in specie, are no more salable now than they were a few weeks ago. Some of the papers seem to contemplate a panic in merchandise and a crash among the merchants. No such occurrence is probable. The bulk of the trade of the city of New York has been for six months conducted upon such conservative principles that no general crash can be caused by the decline in prices. Speculators in produce and breadstuffs and here and there a few manufacturing companies will fail. But merchants generally have sold for cash, and the profits of last year's trade are generally sufficient to meet any losses from the few sales made on credit this spring.

The Morrill Loan Bill, after a recommitment to the Ways and Means Committee, was again reported to the House yesterday and passed by a large majority. The bill as passed provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall not contract over 10 millions of greenbacks in the six months next ensuing after the passage of the bill, or over 4 millions in any subsequent month. This concession to the demands of manufacturers and speculators is not likely to satisfy the country; it ought not to satisfy the Senate or the President. At this rate, it would require many years to place the currency in a sound position, and during the whole period of transition the commerce of the country would be liable to severe fluctuations. It was argued by Mr. Boutwell and by several members from Pennsylvania—in the interest of manufacturing companies—that gold is declining fast enough without any legislative measures. No one, it seems, in Congress, thought of the obvious reply, that the decline in gold is due to the general belief that Congress will contract the currency, and that were it once generally understood that the views of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Boutwell were going to prevail, gold would be 150 in a fortnight. It was also urged that contraction would have the effect of closing forges, manufacturing establishments, etc., and that therefore it was unadvisable. But is there any reason for believing that we could contract any less painfully two or five years hence than now? Is it not clear, on the contrary, that the longer the painful process is deferred, the more severe it will prove? In a very short time, as Mr. McCulloch well observed in his report to Congress, if we go on as we are doing, we shall have a commercial crisis compared to which the crash of 1837 and that of 1857 were mere summer showers. It can only be averted by checking at once the tendency to expansion, extravagance, and excessive expenditure—by reducing the currency from its present swollen proportions to something like the normal volume required for the business of the country, and by compelling the banks to reduce their discounts to something like the average before the war. This is what is sought by the Secretary and his supporters in applying to Congress for legislative aid. If they succeed, we shall have one or two years of declining prices and hard times. But when they are over, our American dollar will be as good as the dollar of any other nation, and we may succeed in passing from a paper money régime to

a hard money régime without the crash which such a transition has usually involved.

The following table will show the course of the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets throughout the week:

	March 17.	March 24.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	104½	104½	¾
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103¾	103¾	¾
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	103¾	103¾
10-40 Bonds.....	90¾	90¾	¾
7.30 Notes, second series.....	99¾	100	¾
New York Central.....	93¾	92¾
Erie Railway.....	82¾	80¾	1¾
Hudson River.....	106	109	3
Reading Railroad.....	100¾	101¾	1¾
Michigan Southern.....	78¾	81¾	3
Cleveland and Pittsburgh.....	78¾	79¾	1
Chicago and North-western.....	27¾	27¾	¾
" " Preferred.....	54¾	55¾	1¾
Chicago and Rock Island.....	108¾	116	7¾
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	92¾	92	¾
Canton.....	47¾	47	¾
Cumberland.....	44¾	44¾	¾
Mariposa.....	12	12
American Gold.....	129¾	125	4¾
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108	107¾	¾
Call Loans.....	6	6

A further general advance in stocks will be noticed. Encouraged by the failure of the original loan bill in Congress, by the ease of money at this centre, and by the excessive sales of the bears, the cliques have succeeded in running up prices to higher figures than they themselves at one time contemplated. Thus Rock Island, which, a week ago, was dull and dead at 108½, has been since done as high as 118½. In reply to a Washington correspondent, we can only say that if the clique chooses to buy up all the floating stock, as they now seem inclined to do, the price may be put to 120, 150, 200, or 500. Whenever they want to sell, they will have to accept very much lower prices than those now ruling. The present direction will probably pay 5 per cent. dividend in April—no more. Speculators are, however, willing to give 10 per cent. for the April dividend, believing that something extra will be declared. Michigan Southern has sold as high as 83½. The company has not yet been able to pay Mr. Henry Keep the money he lent it in March, 1865, to pay the dividend paid at that time; yet, speculators, gambling on the prospect of other men taking their stock off their hands at higher prices, are willing to buy at and above 80. Erie has shown marked weakness. The leading director, who is the greatest stock operator in Wall Street, is understood to have sold large quantities of stock, but not as much as he had previously bought. The expenses of running and keeping up the road in the year 1865 are said to have amounted to \$12,000,000; they can hardly be any less this year. New York Central continues pretty firm on the prospect of the passage of the bill allowing the company to charge 3 cents per mile on express trains. Fort Wayne has been neglected. An active movement broke out at one time during the week in Reading, and sales were made as high as 103½. The advance, however, has not been maintained, and, as the Legislature of Pennsylvania has just chartered a rival road, many look for lower prices. A new party is said to have been lately organized in Cleveland and Pittsburgh; the stock sold as high as 82 at one time during the week, but closes lower. As a whole, the tendency of prices is downward, but this tendency is so often counteracted by the operations of cliques and by the oversales of the bears that speculators are losing money on both sides.

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Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages - - - - -	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans - - - - -	92,630 00
Real Estate - - - - -	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank - - - - -	5,000 00
Government Sec., value - - - - -	144,514 00
Cash on hand - - - - -	18,842 34
Interest due - - - - -	3,085 58
Premiums due - - - - -	6,785 36
PRESENT LIABILITIES - - - - -	\$15,993
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pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)
of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

NOTE.—The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

H. F. FREEMAN, Secretary.

PACIFIC

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

TRINITY BUILDING, 111 BROADWAY.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1866, - - - - - \$1,164,380

DIVIDEND, TWENTY PER CENT.

This Company ensures against MARINE and INLAND Navigation Risks on Cargo and Freight.

No Time Risks or Risks upon Hulls of Vessels are taken.

The Profits of the Company ascertained from January 10, 1865, to January 1, 1865, for which certificates were issued, amount to - - - - - \$1,707,310
Additional profits from January 1, 1865, to January 1, 1866 - - - - - 189,094

Total profit for eleven years - - - - - \$1,896,394
The certificates previous to 1863 have been redeemed in cash. 1,107,340

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1866.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONKEY, Vice-President.

THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

LIFE AND ACCIDENTS.

THE NATIONAL LIFE

AND

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.,

243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

EDWARD A. JONES, PRESIDENT.

Issues

LIFE POLICIES ON THE PURELY MUTUAL PLAN,

And Ensures Against

ACCIDENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

It issues two kinds of travelers' tickets, one covering only accidents to the vehicle, and the other every kind of accident. Both pay a weekly compensation in case of accident causing total disability.

Travelling Accidents—For 24 hours, 10 cents for \$3,000, with \$15 per week compensation.

General Accidents—For 24 hours, 25 cents for \$5,000, with \$25 per week compensation.

General Accidents—Yearly Policy, \$25 for \$5,000, with \$25 per week compensation.

WM. E. PRINCE, Vice-President.
A. S. MILLS, Secretary.
T. B. VAN BUREN, Treasurer.

S. TEATS, M.D., Medical Examiner.
J. F. ENTZ, Consulting Actuary.

1866.
TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT
 OF THE
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

For the year ending January 31, 1866.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

OFFICE,

144 AND 146 BROADWAY,
 Corner of Liberty Street.

CASH ASSETS, FEB. 1, 1866:

\$14,885,278 88.

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, ensuring	\$31,394,407 00
In force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, ensuring	83,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same,	7,830,925 92
	\$91,244,858 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets, February 1, 1865, \$11,799,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:

Original on new policies.....	\$1,154,066 94
Renewals.....	1,818,654 82
War extras and annuities.....	15,428 64—\$2,988,150 40

Interest:

On bonds and mortgages.....	361,752 88
U. S. Stocks.....	332,329 52
Premium on gold.....	94,999 66—
Rent.....	55,333 34—\$3,853,065 80
Total.....	\$15,652,480 42

Disbursements as follows:

Paid claims by death and additions to same.....	\$712,823 71
Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions.....	20,999 52
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium.....	58,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies.....	190,691 40
Paid Annuities.....	10,242 53
Paid Taxes.....	38,076 52
Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses.....	174,310 94
Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums.....	334,255 12— 1,540,130 63

NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 31, 1866.....\$14,112,349 85

Invested as follows:

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$1,475,899 82
Bonds and Mortgages.....	7,348,622 30
United States Stocks (Cost).....	4,468,921 25
Real Estate.....	782,307 34
Balance due by Agents.....	36,599 14—\$14,112,349 85

Add:

Interest accrued, but not due.....	\$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid.....	5,084 73
Deferred Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received.....	655,844 30— 772,929 03

GROSS ASSETS, JAN. 31, 1866.....\$14,885,278 88

INCREASE IN NET CASH ASSETS FOR THE YEAR.....\$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to re-ensure outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same.....	\$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due).....	122,750 00
Dividend additions to same.....	23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for).....	29,931 73
Premiums paid in advance.....	11,065 48
Undivided Surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserve of over \$1,000,000).....	218,640 42

DIVIDEND OF 1866.....\$2,975,388 58

Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above.....\$14,885,278 88

N.B.—The reserve to re-ensure outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,300,000.

This Company is PURELY MUTUAL, all surplus belonging exclusively to the assured.

ITS CASH ASSETS ARE.....\$14,885,278 88

Invested in Bonds and Mortgages in the State of New York, WORTH DOUBLE THE

AMOUNT LOANED; Office Real Estate; Bonds of the State of New York; United States Stock.

No PREMIUM NOTES or Personal Securities are taken or held.

Dividends are declared ANNUALLY, and may be used as CASH in payment of premium, or to increase the amount of insurance.

Policies issued so that the premiums paid will purchase a fixed amount of insurance, non-forfeitable, without further payment of premium.

Policies are bought by the Company at fair and equitable rates.

LIFE, ENDOWMENT, SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITY, and all other approved Policies are issued by this Company.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON,
 JOHN V. L. PRUYN,
 WILLIAM MOORE,
 ROBERT H. McCURDY,
 ISAAC GREEN PEARSON,
 WILLIAM BETTS,
 JOHN P. YELVERTON,
 SAMUEL M. CORNELL,
 LUCIUS ROBINSON,
 W. SMITH BROWN,
 ALFRED EDWARDS,
 JOHN WADSWORTH,
 EZRA WHEELER,
 SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,
 WILLIAM H. POPHAM,
 JOHN M. STUART,
 SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,
 RICHARD PATRICK,

HENRY A. SMYTHE,
 DAVID HOADLEY,
 WILLIAM V. BRADY,
 WILLIAM E. DODGE,
 GEORGE S. COE,
 WILLIAM K. STRONG,
 ALEX. W. BRADFORD,
 WILLIAM M. VERMILYE,
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 WILLIAM A. HAINES,
 SEYMOUR L. HUSTED,
 MARTIN BATES,
 WELLINGTON CLAPP,
 OLIVER H. PALMER,
 ALONZO CHILDS,
 HENRY E. DAVIES,
 RICHARD A. McCURDY,
 FRANCIS SKIDDY,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-President.

ISAAC ABBATT,
 THEO. W. MORRIS,

SECRETARIES.

FRED. M. WINSTON, Cashier.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
 ACTUARY.

WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D.,
 Hon. LUCIUS ROBINSON,
 Hon. ALEX. W. BRADFORD, } COUNSEL.

MINTURN POST, M.D.,
 ISAAC L. KIP, M.D., } MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

F. RATCHFORD STARR, General Agent for the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware,

H. B. MERRELL, General Agent for the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HALE REMINGTON, General Agent for the New England States, DETROIT, MICH.

JNO. G. JENNINGS, General Agent for the State of Ohio, FALL RIVER, MASS.

JNO. T. CHRISTIE, General Agent for Central New York, CLEVELAND, O.

STEPHEN PARKS, General Agent for Western New York, present address TROY, N. Y.

JAMES A. RHODES, General Agent for Southern New York, TROY, N. Y.

O. F. BRESEE, General Agent for the State of Virginia, 151 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

L. SPENCER GOBLE, General Agent for the State of New Jersey, RICHMOND, VA.

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent for the State of California, NEWARK, N. J.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS OF THE COMPANY ARE AT THE OFFICE DAILY

FROM 10 A.M. TO 3 P.M.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Income for 1865, \$715,899 15

Paid Losses by 35 Deaths, 99,900 00

Paid Dividends—return premiums, 69,160 67

Assets, Jan. 1, 1866, \$1,530,877 17.

The comparative growth of this Company is shown by its increased receipts during the past four years, ending 1st November. From

	For premiums.	For interest.
November, '61, to November '62.....	\$150,927 18	\$35,319 52
November, '62, to November, '63.....	198,302 68	38,628 50
November, '63, to November, '64.....	300,196 85	51,768 75
November, '64, to November, '65.....	551,571 47	67,864 87

A printed list of LOSSES PAID BY THIS COMPANY, of ten pages, will be forwarded on application, and is given chiefly for the purpose of fairly showing the diversity of interests, occupations, and professions represented by its patrons and beneficiaries, as also the widely extended field of its business and its bestowments—to the amount of \$944,000; and in addition thereto there has been PAID IN DIVIDENDS \$419,000, making a total of more than one and one-third millions of dollars; thus, at the same time, returning to the surviving policy-holders a large percentage of their past investments in premiums, and beneficently providing for the support of the widows and orphans of the deceased.

Active and efficient AGENTS wanted in the Cities and large Towns in the healthy portions of the United States and British Provinces.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS,
 151 Broadway, New York.

THE
MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,
 COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.
 JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.
 CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE
 Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, President.
 ABRAM M. KIRBY, Vice-President.

ELLIS R. THOMAS, Secretary.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 " 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,000,000 00
 ASSETS - - - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
 OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - - - - - \$1,000,000
 SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - - - 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

Insurance Scrip.
WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
 46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
 BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal
 GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL,

45 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

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The undersigned have associated, under the firm title of **OLMSTED, VAUX & CO.**, for the business of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds, and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

110 Broadway,
 New York, January 1, 1866.

FRED LAW OLSTED,
 CALVERT VAUX,
 FRED'K C. WITHERS.

JAY COOKE,
 WM. G. MOORHEAD,
 H. D. COOKE,

H. C. FAHNESTOCK,
 EDWARD DODGE,
 PITT COOKE.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
BANKERS.

In connection with our houses in Philadelphia and Washington, we have this day opened an office at No. 1 Nassau Street, corner of Wall Street, in this city.

Mr. EDWARD DODGE, late of Clark, Dodge & Co., New York, Mr. H. C. FAHNESTOCK, of our Washington House, and Mr. PITT COOKE, of Sandusky, Ohio, will be resident partners.

We shall give particular attention to the PURCHASE, SALE, and EXCHANGE of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES of all issues: to orders for purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD, and to all business of National Banks.

MARCH 1, 1866.

JAY COOKE & CO.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

This journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features: and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,

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130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,
 STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HOME FOR INVALIDS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1847,

BY E. E. DENNISTON, M.D.,

Springdale, Northampton, Mass. Number limited to Forty.

Aware of the principles Dr. Denniston proposes conducting it upon, we are induced to recommend his establishment for the treatment of Chronic Diseases of various kinds. We believe it contains all the advantages of similar establishments, and have confidence in the skill and judgment, experience and prudence, of Dr. D. to direct the application of the various remedial treatment according to the exigencies of the individual cases.

J. C. Warren, M.D., John Ware, M.D.,
 Geo. Hayward, M.D., J. M. Warren, M.D.,
 Edw. Reynolds, M.D., M. L. Perry, M.D.,
 Jacob Bigelow, M.D., J. Homans, M.D.,
 Boston, February 29, 1848.
 Reference—New York, Willard Parker, M.D.
 Brooklyn, C. L. Mitchell, M.D.

THE sessions of the NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC held for the last seven summers in Genesee, N. Y., are, by the expiration of the contract with the village of Genesee, discontinued, and will be removed to the city of Dayton, O., where they will open under the name of the

EXTRA SUMMER SESSION OF THE
WESTERN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
 JOHN ZUNDEL, Director.

FACULTY:
 SIGNOR CARLO BASSINI,
 Professor of Vocal Department.
 MR. JOHN ZUNDEL,
 Professor of Instrumental and Theoretical Department.
 For circular, stating terms, course of studies, etc., address
 JOHN ZUNDEL, DAYTON, O.

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IMPROVED

LOOK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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NAZARETH, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Established in 1785.

Easy of access from New York by Central Railroad of New Jersey to Easton, Pa., and thence seven miles per stage, at 4 P.M.

Spring Term begins April 2 and closes on June 30.

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 PRINCIPAL.

DEMULCENT SOAP, FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS, FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
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32 PARK ROW, N. Y.
Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale
by all Dealers.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET,
in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

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PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE:

Superior to any others in the following particulars:
They are more fire-proof.
They are more burglar-proof.
They are perfectly dry.
They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.
Manufactured only by

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Send for a descriptive Circular.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lye is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

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64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES, 625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,
ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Pres.,

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Saleratus.—B. T. BABBITT'S SALERATUS, 70 Washington Street, N. Y. If you want healthy bread, use B. T. Babbitt's best medicinal Saleratus, made from common salt. Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, N. Y.

Economical Housekeepers Use

PYLE'S SALERATUS. | **PYLE'S O. K. SOAP.**
PYLE'S CREAM TARTAR. | **PYLE'S BLEUING POWDER.**
Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

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Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain prices \$60, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

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The World's Fair in London, the Mechanics' Institute, and Eleven State Fairs have decided that the U. C. W. is THE BEST.

We also WARRANT IT THE BEST and most durable Wringer made. Over 200,000 have been sold, and each family can testify to its superior merits.

"It saves its cost in clothing every year."—ORANGE JUDD.

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A Great Reduction in the Prices

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N.B.—White and checked Matting at 40 cents per yard. Look for 99 Bowery, N. Y.

RAVEN & BACON'S PIANO-FORTES. (ESTABLISHED 1829.)

A full assortment of these Instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. We are continually adding improvements to our Pianos, and our facilities enable us to furnish them at terms and prices satisfactory to purchasers. Pictorial circulars sent by mail.

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These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic, elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction, which enables them to remain in tune much longer than ordinary Pianos.

Bradbury's Pianos "the Best."

Pronounced "THE BEST" by the most renowned artists.

SUPERIOR in tone, touch, power, DURABILITY, and elegance of finish. Warerooms 425 and 427 Broome Street, corner of Crosby. Call or send for circular.

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Light Biscuit made in fifteen minutes with T. B. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDERS, 70 Washington Street, N. Y.

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FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO., 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. Four distinct Stitches.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE MARK: **Joseph Gilloft, Warranted.**
or Descriptive Name, and Designating Number.
New Series, Good and Cheap, from No. 700 to No. 761.

TRADE MARK: **Joseph Gilloft, Birmingham.** With Designating Numbers.

For sale by **JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,**
91 John Street, New York.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

STEINWAY & SONS' GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES

Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862 in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is abundantly proven by the fact that Messrs. Steinways' "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS) and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, whenever accessible.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT, which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap its benefits.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers, and used in European concert-rooms.

WAREHOUSES, 71 & 73 EAST FOURTEENTH ST., between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.